

1859.]

MARCH.

# THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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Every Man his own Boswell. 4. The Two Lights; or, Reason and Revelation.

LONDON:

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Young Men of the Great City. London: Jarrold & Sons, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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# THE ECLECTIC.

**MARCH, 1859.**

## I.

### THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

*The Limits of Religious Thought examined in eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1858, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Oxford: J. H. & James Parker. 1858.*

“SOME books,” says Lord Bacon, “are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.” The work before us may take an unquestioned place among the illustrious few. Its flavour cannot be appreciated by a mere hasty taste; its massive truths refuse to be summarily swallowed; and there is not a single page which does not deserve from the reader the intensest concentration and the most searching analysis of which he is capable. It is a book that will live and claim an immediate and abiding fellowship of worth and usefulness with Butler’s *Analogy*, and other works which have derived their principles, method, and spirit, from that immortal argument.

Within the space of a few months a second edition of Mr. Mansel’s lectures has been demanded, and this will speedily prepare the way for another and more extended issue. We shall account it as no despicable honour, if the exposition to which we devote the following pages contributes, in any degree, to the circulation of a work so eloquent, so devout, and, in the main, so conclusive. After employing such terms of honest eulogy, we shall not be deemed ungracious if we find it necessary to show, with the critical spear, some openings in the joints of Mr. Mansel’s armour, through which he is exposed to painful punctures. It has been matter of astonishment to us that a work of such extent, embracing so great a variety of topics, and these of a character requiring the most sustained and subtle thinking—a work forbidding, by its whole scheme and object, the free use of concrete and figurative terms, lest rhetorical tropes should usurp the functions of logical truths—exhibits so

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few assailable points. Such points, however, there are. And we should be thankful to see these well strengthened and guarded in the next edition. For the tactics of the enemies of Christianity are as unscrupulous as ever; and if they have only penetration enough to see the weak props in the magnificent structure reared by the Oxford Professor for the defence of the truth, they will have the assurance to boast of having shattered every pillar to atoms.

Mr. Mansel, it must be understood, is not a novice in authorship. This is not his first, but it is by far his best, work. He has published an edition of the logic of Aldrich, with notes and marginal references, by which the old text-book is greatly enriched, its definitions in many cases corrected, and its fundamental principles amplified into a variety of novel and interesting applications. He is also the author of a valuable independent work, entitled "Prolegomena Logica; or, an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes;" a volume which contains the only rational and satisfactory analysis of these processes to be found in our language. It is to the same pen we are indebted for the article on Metaphysics, in the current edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica;" an article, however, which, with all its learning and discrimination, leaves on the mind a sense of disappointment, both as to its general conception, its method, and its style. The style of these lectures, however, is a model. In the enunciation of definitions it is sufficiently precise to satisfy the fastidiousness of a mathematician—in the statement of opinions, whether his own or those of others, it is direct and calm—in argument it seems to palpitate with earnest vigour—and, in the later lectures of the course, when the sublime and awful verities of the Gospel come into view, to be defended against the assaults of a vain philosophy, our author catches inspiration from the vision, and his language rises and swells, and rolls and thunders, like the ocean-tide. Some of his concluding sentences remind us forcibly of effects we have heard produced by an accomplished master of the organ, when, soft at first, gradually, stop by stop, the manifold voice of the instrument breaks upon the ear, waxing louder and fuller every moment, progressing through rich and varied harmonies until the music ends in grand and overwhelming diapason.

These lectures were delivered with an éclat almost unparalleled in the whole history of the Bampton Lectureship. Generally the preacher for the year has to content himself with a "fit audience," it may be, "but few." But, on this occasion, St. Mary's was crowded throughout the whole course. And yet there are no adventitious attractions about Mr. Mansel. His is no giant form, nor is his voice at all full or musical. But, in spite of the absence of such secondary and accidental influences,

which often secure for men an undeserved popularity, Mr. Mansel has achieved the honour of attracting a full church, to the hearing of a series of lectures, surpassing in subtlety those of any of his predecessors.

It was more than time for some one, recognised as an authority in that ancient university, to take in hand the subject which Mr. Mansel has treated with so much ability. For many years Oxford has acquired an unenviable notoriety, as the fountain of two divergent streams—Rationalism and Romanism, and it has long been matter of wonder that no champion arose to defend “the faith once delivered to the saints.” The suspicion was becoming more general and distressing day by day, that in Oxford neither an enlightened religion, nor an enlightened philosophy, could find rest for the sole of its foot, and we have not forgotten the language in which a noble lord, himself we believe nourished in the bosom of this “ancient school of learning and piety,” mourned the degeneracy of her sons. We hail this volume as a significant and conclusive proof that there is, at least, one man in Oxford who has not bowed the knee either to the idol of superstition or of reason, and who is prepared, both by his native endowments and his vast and varied acquirements, to sustain the claims of evangelical truth.

To the exposition of Mr. Mansel’s work we now proceed; and it shall be our endeavour to present its general drift in language at once as popular and precise as possible. He starts with the assumption that the various attempts to construct a philosophical theology proceed on the hypothesis that human thought is competent to so high a task. This hypothesis, whether announced in words or not, underlies all such attempts; and it is his purpose to show that there are limits to the human mind which imperatively forbid us to construct, without the aid of revelation, a true system of theology, or even to comprehend in all its harmonies a system divinely revealed. Dogmatism and rationalism are the two extreme forms which religious philosophy is constantly assuming. Dogmatism accepts as true the doctrines of Scripture, and then appeals to the reason for premises to support them: rationalism at the outset seeks its premises from reason, and then gives or refuses its credence to revelation, according as it finds its self-derived judgments confirmed or contradicted. But both the one and the other have forgotten to inquire whether reason has not its definite and impassable limits, which disqualify it for excogitating a perfect scheme of theological truth, and for fully comprehending it, supposing it to be revealed. This inquiry, however, is fundamental; for it may possibly turn out that the human mind has but a comparatively restricted radius, sweeping over a correspondingly limited circle,

and in this case it may be demonstrated to be absolutely unequal to the task of evolving, by its own energies, or of fully comprehending a true theology. It has been objected by rationalism against the doctrines of revelation, that they are incomprehensible, and to the reason mutually contradictory. But what if it should be shown that precisely the same objections may be raised with equal force against the philosophy which reason elaborates and accepts? If this position can be established (and it can), then either rationalism must repudiate its own offspring, or withdraw its objections to revelation. It cannot honestly foster under its wing its own philosophy *though* mysterious, and assail the Gospel *because* mysterious.

Now, two kinds of religious philosophy may be attempted. Men may endeavour to present a scientific exposition of the nature of God, and this may be termed rational theology; or they may institute an inquiry into the constitution of the human mind so far as it deals with religious ideas, and such an inquiry would be a branch of psychology. If the former achievement were possible, if we could gaze by direct and unclouded intuition upon the infinite and eternal God, compassing all His attributes within the grasp of our faculties, then we could pronounce at once and infallibly on the claims of any supposed revelation to a divine origin. From a perfect knowledge of God we could infer what He would, or would not say or do. But have we any right to employ this lofty method? Can we prove that the wing of the soul can soar so high, or that the eye of the soul is strong enough, unveiled, to gaze on Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all? Can rationalism evince that there is either positive conceivability or consistency in what it characterizes as its fundamental ideas of God? Let us see. To conceive the Deity as He is we must conceive Him as First Cause, as Absolute, and as Infinite. By the *First Cause* is intended that which produces all things, and is itself produced by none. By the *Absolute* is meant that which exists in and by itself, having no necessary relation to any other being. By the *Infinite* is meant that which is free from all possible limitation; than which a greater is inconceivable; and which, consequently, can receive no additional attribute or mode of existence, which it had not from all eternity. If God be not *first cause*, he is not God, neither is he God if he be not both absolute and infinite. But to the human reason these are contradictory the one to the other. How, for example, can the infinite become a cause? To cause is to assume a new relationship, but to be infinite implies to have realized all possibilities from all eternity, and therefore the infinite cannot cause, for that would be to reveal itself in a new mode, thus showing that it was not

infinite before. The absolute and the cause are in similar antagonism. For if the absolute become a cause, it will operate by means of free-will and consciousness, seeing that a necessary cause would not be absolute. The act of causation must then be voluntary, and volition is only possible in a conscious being. But consciousness implies a relation. There *must be* a conscious subject, and an object of which he is conscious. How then can God be absolute seeing that by definition the absolute has no necessary relation, and yet a relation is necessarily involved in consciousness? Various expedients have been adopted for the purpose of escaping these contradictions. The infinite has been denied, and this is the philosophy of Atheism. But retreat in this direction is impossible, for who can represent in thought the sum-total of existence as a limited quantity? A limit is itself a relation, and to conceive a limit as such is virtually to acknowledge something on the other side by which it is limited. And how far back soever the limit be removed, there will still be the outlying territory defying us to compass it, and protesting against all efforts to abolish the infinite. Thus Atheism is shown to be a philosophical absurdity. But is there no escape in the opposite direction? Yes, says Pantheism, for there is no such thing as the finite. But this, again, is an absurdity, equally great with that of Atheism, for I am conscious of myself, as a personal unity distinct from all and every part of the universe beside. The Pantheist may tell me that this consciousness is a delusion, and that I can never attain to the true sublime philosophy except I start with the denial of my own being. But he gains nothing by this subterfuge, for if consciousness itself is to be flouted as a deceiver, how does the Pantheist know that his reasonings are not part of the universal falsehood, since his reasonings are but operations of consciousness. Consciousness, proved false in one point, is untrustworthy in all. Pantheism thus perishes by its own hand. It accordingly becomes evident that the first form of religious philosophy is untenable, and that man cannot so transcend the limiting conditions of his own being as to behold with open face the ineffable glory of the Godhead. Rationalism has proved itself incompetent to find a legitimate resting-place from which to commence its deduction of religious consequences.

Nor does the psychological method promise any better; for there are conditions in consciousness, all of which forbid us to realize any true conceptions of the infinite and the absolute. All consciousness implies distinction between one object and another; between subject and object; succession and duration in time, and personality; and all these are limits which the soul can never outleap so as to conceive Him who is at once infinite, absolute, and first cause. But it must not be inferred

from the contradictions into which these three fundamental ideas have been developed, that they are contradictions in the things themselves. This, indeed, is an impossibility. Contradictions are never in things, but in our conceptions; and the practical inference which emerges from the reasoning just presented is, that the human mind is not the measure of the divine, and that its conceptions are merely negative when they bear relation to the fundamental attributes of the Godhead. As thus negative they are not to be employed as the basis of a speculative and philosophical theology. They are sufficiently exact for all the purposes of piety; but they cannot be used by a cold and formal logic without conducting to Atheism, or Pantheism, or Scepticism—conclusions which afford no shelter to the soul, seeing that each in turn is shattered by the guns of that very logic which had driven us there.

From the foregoing considerations it follows that the highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain, are *regulative* and not *speculative*; they do not serve to satisfy the reason, but to guide the conduct. They only become untrue when subjected to the criticism of the logical faculty. The objections raised by the Rationalists against the Scriptures ground themselves on a confusion of the *regulative* with the *speculative*, and are as fatal to philosophical as to theological truths. Is the Trinity denied because of its inconceivability? Equally must the Divine unity be denied because of the apparent incompatibility of a plurality of coexistent attributes in the one infinite and indivisible nature. Is the incarnation rejected for the same reason? Then this short-sighted logic must maintain that the infinite and the finite cannot both have a place in the same universe, and must abolish either the former, which is Atheism, or the latter, which is Pantheism. And there are no arguments which have been urged against the scriptural doctrines of predestination, eternal punishment, original sin, justification by faith, the atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, which do not lie with equal force against analogous truths within the domains of philosophy and natural religion.

Such is an exposition, as brief and clear as we can make it, of the lectures of Mr. Mansel. We stand acquitted to our own conscience of having on any point of his argument, leading or subordinate, misrepresented his views. That he has not succeeded in carrying our convictions with him throughout the whole of his reasoning, we hinted at the outset; and we proceed without delay to indicate some, and some only, of the errors into which, in our judgment, he has fallen. It is due, however, to him, and due also to those whom he has followed too implicitly, to say that he has stumbled in good company.

But we must deferentially demur to some of the details into

which he has sought to develop the antagonisms in thought respecting the absolute, the infinite, and the cause. While he has shown with marvellous acuteness that there are abrupt, and (to our logical faculty) irreconcilable contradictions existing in all attempts to *grasp* these regulative realities, in his very eagerness to multiply embarrassments around the feet of the Rationalists, he has overshot the mark by creating antilogies which have no existence. Can we, for instance, concede, without reclamation, all that he has said about the infinite, so far as we endeavour to reduce it to a conception? On page 46, Mr. Mansel writes, "Indeed it is obvious that the entire distinction between the possible and the actual can have no existence as regards the absolutely infinite, for an unrealized possibility is necessarily a relation and a limit." And again, page 47, he asks, "How can the infinite become that which it was not from the first? If causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its former limits."

Now there is certainly something provoking about the cool manner in which we are informed that it is *obvious* that in the "absolutely infinite" there is no real distinction between the possible and the actual. We are tempted to the courtesy of replying, It is no such thing, and precisely the reverse is obvious. If infinity be predicated of space, then unquestionably there can be no distinction between the *possible* and the *actual*, for we cannot speak of space as *infinitely extensible*, but only as *infinitely extended*. It would be absurd to represent space as having a potentiality which is not actually realized. The same remark applies with like force to the other condition of thought—*infinite time*. But the moment we view infinity as a predicate of power, instead of space and time, the fallacy of our author's reasoning becomes transparent. Is it so that "if causation be a possible mode of existence that which exists without causing is not infinite?" We disallow the inference, and on the following grounds:—

I. We draw a wide distinction in our own consciousness between power *latent*, *quiescent*, and power *manifested* and *exerted*. Whenever we think or speak of power as a property of man, these two aspects are never confounded with each other. A residual, undeveloped energy is always supposed as, at least, a possible thing. Of man it may be said, as Milton sublimely sings of one higher than man—

" Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
His thunder in mid volley."

It were idle to think of weakening the force of an analogy taken from human power by alleging that this power is confessedly

finite, and on this account admits of a distinction between the actual and the possible, the overt and the latent, that which is expressed and that which is repressed. That it admits of this distinction arises in nowise from the *limitation* of the power, but from the fact that it is *power at all, and power under the control of a will.*

II. Our very notion of power, either in creator or in creature, either limitless or limited, is first actualized within ourselves, and is given in the fact that we are conscious of volition as connected with productive energy. Apart from this consciousness, it would seem that the conception of power could have no existence in the mind; and the very phenomena of the universe would be unmeaning hieroglyphics, which must fail to awaken within us the idea of a creator, for how could we possibly infer from such phenomena an efficient energy, when even the most naked notion of energy had never dawned upon us? When, therefore, we pass from the consideration of limited to that of infinite power, we have no right to leave behind us the very essential property of power as given in our own consciousness. Consciousness not only reveals to us nothing of a power, which at every moment develops all its inherent energy into all possible manifestations, but it repudiates the conception as one that is falsified by our commonest experiences. Either Mr. Mansel has, by assumption, included in his definition of infinite power the very property which it behoved him to verify, and has thus committed a logical fallacy, or he has, unwittingly, and in spite of the absence of any analogy as furnished in our conception of finite power, charged it as a necessity upon infinite power that all its energy shall be *explicit* and *manifested*, and none of it *implicit* and *latent*.

### III. Mr. Mansel's definition of the infinite is *suicidal*.

An unrealised possibility, he declares, is itself a limit. But among other possibilities, surely it is one that infinite power shall be able to restrain itself from action. If it cannot do this, then in what sense can it be said to be infinite? This check upon his reasoning has not escaped the perspicacity of the Oxford Professor; and in a note in the Appendix he endeavours to meet it in some observations upon the objection as presented in the profound work of Müller, "On the Christian Doctrine of Sin." Mr. Mansel acknowledges that the German divine has shown it to be equally a limitation of the nature of God, to suppose that he is compelled of necessity to realize in act everything which he has the power to accomplish. But instead of being dismayed by the concession, he courageously accepts the reasoning, and triumphantly rejoins—

"This argument completes the dilemma, and brings into full view the counter-impotences of human thought in relation to the infinite.

We cannot conceive an infinite being as capable of becoming that which he is not; nor, on the other hand, can we conceive him as actually being all that he can be."—p. 305.

Now it is hardly fair quietly to co-ordinate these contrasted and contradictory doctrines as "counter-impotences of thought." Instead of Mr. Mansel's position surviving to claim an equal right to a logical existence with that of the German divine, it is absolutely demolished, and demolished because the one has its defence in consciousness, while the other has not yet found in our whole mental life a single point on which it can stand. *On the behalf* of the one it can be pleaded that we *know* of a power which does not go forth into all possible forms of expression, and we conceive that infinite power may in this follow the analogy of that which is finite:—*against* the other, it must be affirmed that we know of no finite instance of a fully-evolved energy, and we cannot conceive that such exhaustive development is a necessary attribute of infinite power. In man there is a "hiding of his power," the power remaining though hidden: what shall forbid us to conceive of there being involved in omnipotence itself myriads of unrealized possibilities? The extent of power, whether finite or infinite, is determined, not by actual but by possible realizations. This is the testimony of our own mental constitution, and we know of no contradictory witness. Such witness, however, it behoved Mr. Mansel to produce. Failing its appearance, we must protest against the use of the compound term "counter-impotences" in its application to either of the contrasted doctrines—to his own, because the mind positively repudiates it on sufficient grounds; to that of Müller, because the mind as positively, and on grounds as sufficient, affirms that power, whether finite or infinite, is subject to no necessity, intrinsic or extrinsic, to express itself in all possible modes of manifestation.

Closely connected with this error, emerging in fact as its natural offspring, is another, into which Mr. Mansel has fallen in his attempt to develop the contradictions in thought between the *absolute* and the *cause*.

"A cause" (he tells us) "cannot as such be absolute, the absolute cannot as such be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect; the cause is a cause of the effect, the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation. We attempt to escape from this apparent contradiction by introducing the idea of succession in time. The absolute exists *first* by itself, and afterwards becomes a cause. But here we are checked by the third conception, that of the infinite. How can the infinite become that which it was not from the first?"—p. 47.

We must repeat the objection we have already endeavoured, at some length, to establish, that the infinite has been incorrectly explicated by Mr. Mansel, and on this account it presents no check whatever to the doctrine, "that the absolute first exists by itself, and then becomes a cause." This proposition we accept and maintain, for in the definition just quoted, we are informed that the conception of the "absolute implies a *possible* existence, out of all relation." The word *possible* has not been sufficiently regarded by Mr. Mansel himself. If it had been "*necessary*," his position would have been unassailable, for in that case the absolute (as conceived), of which all relation is unconditionally denied, could not be a *cause*, this term suggesting at once its correlative, *effect*. Wherein, then, lies the contradiction between the *absolute* and the *cause*? The two conceptions are not equally necessary to the mind. We cannot but think of God as absolute, but we need not think of Him as a cause. We can and do imagine Him as existing alone, and out of all relation, and then, without losing His absoluteness, assuming the function of a Creator.

We are sorry to find our author surrendering himself on the doctrine of the absolute, to what we cannot but regard as the empty word-juggling of the schools. How, but thus, shall we characterise such passages as the following?—

"If the condition of causal activity is a higher state than that of quiescence, the absolute, whether acting voluntarily or involuntarily, has passed from a condition of comparative imperfection to one of comparative perfection; and therefore was not originally perfect. If the state of activity is an inferior state to that of quiescence, the absolute, in becoming a cause, has lost its original perfection. There remains only the supposition that the two states are equal, and the act of creation one of complete indifference. But this supposition annihilates the unity of the absolute, or it annihilates itself.—  
pp. 52, 53.

The terms "perfect and imperfect," "better and worse," and their synonyms, which have been at different times employed to mark the absolute in quiescence or in activity, are simply meaningless. If the Absolute were regarded as becoming more in himself than he once was, if, for example, from being unconscious he were to become conscious, if, from being impotent he were to become omnipotent, if, from being incapable of any exertion he were to become active, or if there were positive augmentation in any faculty or attribute whatever, there might be room and demand for such expressions of comparison as those we are now condemning. But the absolute, *per se*, includes no such *intrinsic* progress and development. It is not the less absolute because it may choose not to create; neither is it the more absolute because it passes from a state of *voluntary* quiescence into that of causal activity. If the condition of

quiescence were such as is enforced upon it, then its absoluteness would be destroyed; if, on the other hand, its condition of productive energy were enforced upon it, its absoluteness would be equally sacrificed; but we emancipate in thought the absolute from any coercive influence whatever, and vest it with an autocracy of will, in virtue of which it acts or refrains from action. Only as thus imperially free does the absolute become a self-consistent conception, and in being self-consistent, it maintains its harmony with a true conception of cause; and the attempt of Mr. Mansel to create between them logical antagonisms is proved to be overstrained.

Omitting all reference to several subordinate questions raised by Mr. Mansel, and which we had marked for criticism, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that he has espoused the opinion of Sir W. Hamilton on the negativity of our conception of the infinite. That the disciple should have failed to establish a position which even such a master, with his unparalleled forces of logic and learning, has not succeeded in rendering impregnable, we do not marvel. But we are unfeignedly sorry that on this point perilous concessions should be made to the Rationalists even in the very efforts to overthrow them. In maintaining the counter-doctrine of the positivity of our conception, let us not be misunderstood. We do not contend for a conception which is adequate, complete, inclusive—a conception which, in fact, would amount to a *comprehension*. From its very nature the infinite must for ever transcend the faculties of a finite creature. “Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection?” In the spirit of the ancient patriarch, the wisest philosopher on earth as he stands on the highest peak of knowledge he has yet reached, may exclaim, however vast and varied his panorama, “Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him, but the thunder of his power who can understand?”

In claiming for the mind something more than what is termed a merely negative conception of the infinite, we are careful to distinguish between a positive *notion* and a positive *comprehension*; and we cannot but suspect that Mr. Mansel’s reasoning is based on the confusion of these two ideas. Without entering at large upon the whole question at issue, between what we may denominate the positive and negative schools, we wish to draw attention to a significant admission, made both by Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel. While repudiating the positive notion of the infinite, they both acknowledge that we possess an *irresistible belief* in it. We confess ourselves unable to understand a psychology which allows so strange a schism in the soul as is involved in such a distinction. Unable to find the infinite in our conception we are remitted to faith. We do not conceive

the infinite, but we believe it. The question is forced upon us, Believe what? Faith must have some object on which it is exercised, and what is the object furnished to it in the present case? It will not surely be contended by any one that there is such a mental experience as a negative faith. All faith, we imagine, is sufficiently positive. It is faith in something, and something, which, before it receives the affiance of the mind or heart, must have been previously notionalised. Are we to suppose that faith is endowed with a creative faculty, or at least with such a power of alchemy that it can transmute that which is negative while a conception into a conviction that shall be positive? Whether the material of our faith come from our sense-experiences or our intuitions, the faith can be no more positive than the experiences or the intuitions. And to speak of that becoming a *potence* in faith, which is an *impotence* in thought, is, in our judgment, to trifle with language. A word or two in defence of our statement, that our conception is always as positive as our belief, may serve to clear up the confusion which has gathered around not only this, but many correlative subjects. It has been frequently asserted that we do and must believe many things of which we can form no conception. This language contains a fallacy which the following illustrations may serve to expose. The physiologist says, "I believe in life, though what life is, is to me inconceivable."

Now here faith and conception have no relation to each other whatever. The object of faith is different from the object of conception. When the proposition is purged of its equivocation the conception is as clear as the faith is strong. For what is it that he believes? It is the fact of life. And what is it that he cannot conceive? It is the essence of life. Let the subject of predication be one and the same, and we instantaneously perceive that the faith and the conception are equally positive. He conceives the essence of life as clearly as he believes it. But in truth his faith has no relation to the essence, neither has his conception.

Shall we take a Scripture doctrine instead of a scientific fact. The issue is in this case the same. We believe in the Incarnation. But does faith outstrip conception, and include a more positive element than is furnished by conception? The Incarnation is as conceivable as it is credible. We conceive that it is a fact, and we believe that it is a fact. We do not conceive its mode, neither do we believe its mode; and it is well to remember that the requirement of God is not that we believe in the mode of the union of the human with the Divine, but in the fact. Here the limit of conception determines the limit of faith. Is the question asked, 'What do I believe?' I can only answer it by declaring what I *conceive*, faith creating

no part of its object, but receiving the whole at the hand of conception.

This psychological analysis of the *λη*, or objective matter of faith, from which it appears that faith has neither a creative nor transmutative power, but is the deliberate surrender of the soul to truth already, in some positive degree, formulated by conception, is, we think, conclusive against the doctrine espoused by Mr. Mansel. There can be no such thing as faith in nothing, and this, because *nothing* is absolutely inconceivable. Faith must exercise itself on realities existent, or conceived at least to exist. In expounding the object of our faith we are compelled to expound the object of our conception without addition or diminution; and if our conception be negative, our faith must be negative too. But, in truth, we must confess that we have failed, after taxing our powers of thought to the utmost, to catch the faintest glimpse of what kind of mental experience a negative conception or a negative faith is. The denial of one contradictory is the affirmation of the other. If light and darkness are exhaustive predicaments, to deny light is to affirm darkness, and to deny darkness is to affirm light. If vice and virtue cover the whole territory of moral predicates, the negation of vice is the same thing as the affirmation of virtue. If finite and infinite are terms of correlation which instantaneously and, of necessity, suggest each other, then to deny the infinite is to affirm the finite, and *vice versa*. With Mr. Mansel we maintain that we have an irresistible belief in the infinite: against Mr. Mansel we hold that this is impossible, except as determined and guaranteed by a corresponding conception; for beliefs are but conceptions receiving the consent and surrender of the mind. The doctrine which resolves our notion of the infinite into a mere negative impotence is thus shown to postulate for faith, a function which demonstrably it does not possess; and it cuts us off from all knowledge of an infinite God; for as the bridge of faith is constructed out of the materials provided and fashioned by conception, it must partake of their intrinsic weakness. Take away the positive conception, and, as faith cannot support itself on nothing, it must become annihilated with the foundation on which alone it can stand.

And now we must take the liberty of saying that Mr. Mansel might concede all we have contended for without damage to the high practical aim of his book. The special errors we have felt it our duty to signalize are in nowise necessary to the establishment of his position against Rationalism. They, in fact, encumber and disfigure his otherwise sublime and irrefragable argument. Nay, they afford dangerous vantage-ground for the guns of the enemy, from which they can harass him with a galling fire. They may remind him that a negative conception

is no conception : that a negative impotence is nothing : that it is presumptuous to pronounce that the infinite exists from the mere impossibility of conceiving it as non-existent : and that to accredit faith with a *potence* when conception has been branded as impotent is gratuitously to impute to faith a creative faculty and to fall into blind fanaticism.

Nor do we know in what manner Mr. Mansel would be able to reply. But in vindicating possibility to our conception of the infinite he might have shown that the various contradictions which emerge from any attempt to subject the infinite to ordinary laws of reasoning are due to a foolish endeavour to *comprehend the incomprehensible*. For to reason on the infinite as if it were *enfolded* and grasped by the logical faculty must of necessity lead to endless antagonism in thought and expression. And the Rationalism which seeks to vault beyond the obvious limits of the soul, in order that it may gaze on Him who is the First and the Last, which seeks to bring within its dim and restricted view all the possibilities of an infinite nature, convicts itself of madness from the beginning. It aspires to *be* God in the presumptuous desire to *comprehend* God. It is a true philosophy which acknowledges a positive conception that there is omnipotence, but it is a false philosophy which would dare to forecast all the manifestations in which it may or might reveal itself. We may justly claim a positive conception of infinite wisdom, but it were folly to prophesy all its developments, or even to criticize them as already known. We shrink not from affirming that we have a positive conception of infinite goodness *as a fact* ; but nothing less than a thorough comprehension of it in its relations to all the co-ordinate attributes of the Divine nature would warrant us in dogmatic judgments as to what it may be consistent or inconsistent in God to do.

When the cardinal ground of objection, whether openly avowed or obviously implied in the reasonings of the adversaries of revelation is, that it contains insoluble mysteries, then it is competent for the devout and philosophic theologian to canvass the ambitious logic which presumes to so intimate and complete a knowledge of the great Sovereign of the universe, and to show that there are mysteries equally insoluble in any propositions we may frame respecting the nature of the infinite. Such an anti-scriptural Theism can thus be triumphantly evinced to be suicidal ; for if the argument taken from the incomprehensible be valid against one mystery it is valid against all, and would involve in logical annihilation both professed revelations and the self-contradictory philosophies which oppose them. It is a mark of lofty and well-disciplined wisdom to know where we must stop in our inquiries into spiritual things, and to ascertain the length of our own line of thought. If we aspire to be wise

above what is written, it is more than likely that we shall fail to be wise *up* to what is written. If we seek with too adventurous foot to tread the dark and dizzy heights of the mysteries of religion, we may fall as, alas! too many have done, into precipices of doubt and infidelity. Mysteries often give their light to other truths, even when they refuse to be seen in their own immediate effulgence, just as the sun enables us by his reflected light to see the beauties of nature, while, if we seek with unprotected eyes to gaze directly into his unshrouded face, he dazzles us into blindness.

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## II.

### THE TIMES OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

*Journals of the Reign of King George the Third, from the years 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. Doran, Author of "History of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover, &c."* Two vols. London: Bentley.

THESE last journals of Horace Walpole embrace thirteen years of the reign of the Farmer-King. His memoirs ended with the year 1771; after which, for his own amusement and for the possible use of historians, he commenced this Journal. "I may have been misinformed," he says, "and may have exaggerated faults," as Whigs and Tories will do; but in the main the Twickenham gossip is more correct, than men who think and feel more strongly can well be. The notes by Dr. Doran are full of learning and humour, and throw pleasant cross lights upon the page—sometimes shadow on sun, sometimes sun on shadow. They are just what we might expect of the good-humoured erudite doctor, who is so brimfull of old reading and old anecdote, and show great acquaintance with the Georgian memoirs. The cream of those billion of letters, written by our would-be Balzac, and locked up in those wainscot boxes, marked A and B, in the library at Strawberry Hill, the keys being deposited in the cupboard of the green closet in the blue parlour, furnish us with a gossiping commentary on history, from 1735 to 1797, a period of more than sixty years. Laborious, self-satisfied Mr. Cunningham, bilious Mr. Croker, judicious Lord Dover, Mr. Wright, and we do not know how many more literati, have edited or overhauled these capital, vivacious, studied letters; many of which are finished as highly as Gerard Dow's pictures, and some of which are as scandalous as Mrs. Manley's satirical novels. Horace has been hinted at, with Barré and Francis, as the author of Junius. He has been found to have had a hobby for releasing prisoners for debt, and we find

that he wrote anonymously for papers. Macaulay has scalped him, yet after all, his vitality as an author only increases.

We often look back into a favourite camera-obscura chamber of our brain to see the thin Didapper man, with crossed legs, writing a letter to Mann in his "Beauty Room" at Strawberry Hill—that little Twickenham house that he used to say, "he would send to his friend in a letter to look at." It is built on a hill with a prospect (when he had it) through two or three paddock meadows, where there were four Turkish sheep and two cows (all studied in their colours) that led down to Pope's Thames. The town and Richmond Park were beneath him, all to choose, from the windows of this quondam residence of Mrs. Chenevix, the toy-woman. Richmond Hill and Ham-walks, he tells Conway, bound his prospect, but "thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry;" solemn barges slid slowly under his bijou windows. Two delightful dusty roads supplied the fashionable hermit with continual coaches and chaises. Dowagers as plentiful as flounders inhabited round this Noah's Ark farm, and on poetical moonlights Pope's ghost could be seen in the shrubbery. Here he sat ogling the scagliola tables, made by the Irish Florentine friar, and counting his ivories, eagles, and Vespasians, Benvenuto's silver chest, and Dee's black mirror. How different from his early dancing days at Florentine masquerades his later letters show him, when we see only the old gentleman with the bootikins, worried by factious servants; yet he is still gay and witty, and fond of letter-writing, and tea-drinking with old duchesses, and proud of Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings, and Sir Tery Robsart's armour. As for his Gothic wall paper and two-and-thirty windows, fretted with stained glass and heraldic blazonries, they were as sham Gothic as his own Castle of Otranto. We think of him reading Madame Sevigné in the closet hung with green paper, asleep in the yellow bed-chamber, dozing in the red, or in his ordinary blue-and-white striped room writing unfading letters at the bow window, green gloomed with limes.

Now it is very easy, with the brute violence of Mr. Macaulay, to "chaw up" this Sèvres-china world of Walpole's; it is easy to say that he is a gentleman-usher in heart, that he really cared nothing about politics, and was a republican only in show. It is easy to pelt his peach-blossom coat with rough epithets, such as "eccentric, artificial, fastidious, capricious;" easy to say he united "the vanity, the jealousy, the irritability of a man of letters, to the affected superciliousness and apathy of a man of ton." We know that Walpole scoffed at courts, yet would have died if taken away from them; sneered at literary fame, yet never wrote a letter but with an eye to posterity; snubbed rank, and yet was as arrant a noble as ever looked at the poor as ladies do at monkeys in a cage.

Like all men of not first-rate minds who have been brought up in the hot-house of artificial life, Walpole was apt to laugh at great things, which he knew when seen from behind to be really small, and to venerate small things which he did not think to be large, but which he venerated as shibboleths and badges of good breeding,—as the talismans, regalia, and testimonials of the drawing-room life which he loved. He had, in fact, lived so long on ices and truffles that they had become to him necessities of life. Well, allow all this, but what does it come to? You shut Macaulay, and go off and read Walpole; you praise the controversial strong-hating essayist, and go out to order the last edition of Walpole's letters. Who are we most glad to read for the authentic history of his times—Smollett or Walpole? Mr. Macaulay or Walpole? Alison the stupendous, or Walpole? Be thankful, the little man of the hill did feel inspired to spend sixty laborious years in chronicling Court small beer. Be thankful that the Georgian era, in spite of historians, is not a blank, because one Horace Walpole was vain enough "to record dinners and bets," to chat with blue stockings, and write little copies of complimentary verses on perishable topics of Ranelagh's and White's. Sometimes, where great men are wilful, blind partisans, little men are cool judges. There are men, my Lord Macaulay, who may think the gossip of White's as good materials for future history as endless parliamentary debates garbled or perverted. There are men who may think three thousand good letters as great a work as a dozen or two Whig essays, with the bitterness but not, as in Walpole's case, the wit of *Gaul*. There may arise a rash and violent posterity that may put aside as a party curiosity an unfinished parliamentary history, to read again and again the gossip chronicle of the despised fribble, though he did collect china and old curiosities, to herald the great Gothic renaissance. True he liked sham ruins and tinsel Gothic, but how can a man be much beyond his age?

Supposing even that Walpole's writings do not give him rank with Pepys and Boswell as a back-stair historian, would not the photograph of any man's life be valuable to the student curious in human nature? Now we see this man's soul as through a port-hole flung open when he writes those anxious letters, in which, as usual with the man of fashion, the virtuoso and the amateur author, the standard of the relative value of things is so curiously lost sight of. He certainly is not the simpering fool who now spends two hours at his dressing, belongs to the toilette-club, has a gold latch-key, and despises a man whose "tie" is not perfect; but still he is the small weak-minded man who, in the midst of all the agitation of his father's ap-

proaching fall, could write to his gossip, stupid Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, a lot of nonsensical enthusiastic anxieties about “four of the Volterra urns of the chimney-piece size.” This is just the man. We must always keep him in mind, as he himself describes himself to George Montague—

“Sickly, slender, and not large of limb.”

Like all puny men he is bitter in his hatred ; it is not his temper to strike boldly in the face. His wit and his follies were both somewhat supersubtle and womanish. There is something affected and petty in his neat scraps of French and Italian : he seems generally to write on rose-coloured and scented paper, and to call his correspondent “Dear Child.” His favourite exclamation in cases of fashionable expostulation is—“Good God, madam ! could you think me guilty of such rudeness ?” When he goes over Mount Cenis, he is in agonies, and screams at seeing his pet spaniel Tony, “the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature,” carried off by a wolf. Even at Eton he is a bit of a fribble, and corresponds with the poet Gray under the name of Orosmades, and with West under that of Almanzor. His republicanism has a very court-loving visage. His absurd, affected dread of being thought an author, was unworthy of the son of that great statesman, of whose capacity Horry sometimes seems to be a sharer ; but still for almost his petit-maitre airs, fashionable affectations, and senseless love of so-called pleasure, some defence may not unfairly be brought forward. His friends, General Conway and Sir Horace Mann, were worthy men, and few will read his book for opinions on the '45, and Lord George Gordon's riot, but for gossip and facts, and colours to fill up chinks. His opinions and scandal have value from the very fact which occasionally renders them suspicious—their being written by a Whig. Then look at the great octave of time he strikes : what a gamut of events his three or four thousand letters (probably half as many again lie unpublished) describe ! For begin with the marriage of that bitter-hearted fool, Frederic, Prince of Wales. Go on to Walpole's fall ; Admiral Vernon's victory ; pass on between tinsel shores of pleasant, sparkling gossip, the flowers of wit yet bright and unfaded, to the wars of Maria Theresa and that royal burglar, Frederic ; then to Dettingen, and the Pretender's downfall—and all this in the first two hundred letters ; the last picture in which, is a view of a string of Scotch corpses dangling before the butcher Hawley's tent. Then, mixed up with intrigues of patched and powdered beauties, Lord Hawke's victory ; the rise of Methodism ; the death of Bolingbroke ; the Newcastle administration ; the rise of Pitt and Fox ; Byng's murderous execution ; Wolfe's heroic death ; and

so through his long letter-writing life, till he is presented to the future William IV.

Horace Walpole was a *valetudinarian dilettante*, who looked on the great stage of Europe quietly from a side-box. His box, too, was one of those quiet snug boxes, gilt outside and velvet within, which border on the equatorial line between the scenes and the audience—the much-believing, easily-befooled audience. In the enthusiastic hours of the first piece, youthful and fresh from his claret in Arlington Street, he could throw all his enthusiasm into the foreground passions,—the hand on heart, the bended knees, and all the aping of court apery. In the duller moments of the long-winded tragedy or the strained after-piece, he could turn to the background of dirty ropes, smoky trees, and pasteboard palaces, and watch with stiff cynical smile and wrinkled eyes the hand on the brow, the hare's paw bloomed with rouge, the wrinkle-brush, and all the *valet-de-chambre* green-room preparations for the outer stage royalties.

In a word, to slough off the allegory, this French-Englishman, Horace, was peculiarly adapted to be at once the Pepys and Boswell of the Georgian age, both from rank and natural capability. He was as much made to be a spy on his age, as the woodcock's bill for the swamp mud, or the wasp's horny sting to pierce the enemy of wasps. He was the son of a great prime minister, which in Sir Robert's time was but another name for dictator and king. He was bred a Whig, which lent his natural keenness of satirical observation only so many more horse-power. He was born for a statesman, and yet was not a statesman; and this under the disguise of philosophical trifling and dilettante indifference, gave him the same hatred for statecraft that a monk has for vice, or a gambler for his lost estate. He had been the grand tour, and had friends and correspondents at all the embassies. By return of post, he could, if he chose, have special news from the Place Vendome, the Square of St. Mark, the Palace at Turin, or the Boboli Gardens. He was, fortunately for posterity, all his life an elaborate and careful correspondent, and kept Voiture and Balzac diligently before his eyes. He is the *Froissart* of the Hanover princes' court, the relater from the hearsay of witnesses of all state doings and national events. He lived to gossip, and gossip cleverly; to write, and write airily and wittily. He knew both tavern and palace, Italian singers and English actors. His visiting-book must have epitomised nearly all that was great or clever in England. Walpole, indeed, was just born in time to associate with a few of the Queen Anne men, for Spence, Pope's friend and the author of the *Anecdotes*, was with him at Venice in his youth,

after Gray had quarrelled and left him, and Dr. Bland, his master at Eton, had written a flattering Latin version of Cato's soliloquy for the "Spectator." The old Duchess of Marlborough, too, was in full virulence and bitterness in the drawing-rooms of Walpole's youth.

There was a time (Hume's time) when the shadowy muse of history, whose allegorical robe is tapestryed with lies, scarcely condescended to give us anything but distant telescopic views of great men. Of the itch that Napoleon caught from the dead artilleryman, and of the wart on Cromwell's rugged left temple, she was sublimely unconscious. Now we have the abbey coffins remorselessly rifled open, and the departed great put under the microscope till we can read even the very pores of their skin. There will come a time, let us hope, when the historic glass will get shifted to its right focus, and some medium struck out, as in art, between the old Giotto generalities and the Pre-Raphaelite manner of ultra observation.

But let it not be imagined from this that we are not grateful to the Twickenham Horace for nearer views of the great-small and the small-great. It is like turning a Bude light on the Georgian page to see the thin Lord Chatham acting for immortality, of which he was too prematurely conscious; appearing with his swollen gouty aristocratic legs wrapped in black velvet boots, and his crutch, as if in mourning for the King of France, swathed also in black; crawling, languid and worn out, like a spectre of the late ministry, to the House of Lords—to blame every attempt to chastise the mutinous Bostonians, who had just been cooking as pretty a kettle of senna tea as any wry-faced nation ever had to drink. As usual, Dr. Doran steps in with a quiet smile, and changing the slide in a note, shows us the great statesman bowing so low at the levee that peers behind him can see the tip of his hooked nose, like a bean-pod, between his gouty legs. It is difficult, being behind the scene and touching the seamy side of the tapestry, not to be amused, on comparing Lord Chatham dying in Copley's theatrical picture, with the noble lord as Walpole shows us him, maliciously, mad with pride, sitting up in bed, wearing a duffel cape bordered with purple lace, a satin eider-down quilt on his inflamed feet, and a nightcap on his head, crowned by a flapping broad-brimmed hat. No wonder Thomas Walpole, who goes to hear the worn-out lion's explanation of his collusion with Lord Temple, and his intention if he got into power to tax the Americans by force if he could not get their consent—no wonder, I say, that he compared his meagre jaws and uncouth dress to Don Quixote—beaten, bruised, and rheumatic—receiving the Duenna. No wonder he left him moralising on the mean-

ness that the dregs of ambition, sitting on the grave's edge, but still thirsting for power, could dictate.

Of the turbid, smoky youth of Charles Fox, through which the clear fire never burnt but by flashes, we have not mere lightning glimpses, but careful Dutch lamp-light pictures. We see him in the House robust and turbid (1772), moving for the Repeal of the Marriage Act, which Walpole says he had not then even read. A few evenings only before he had ridden armed to Brompton on two errands—first, to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; secondly, to borrow ten thousand pounds for his countless vices, and for those debaucheries which he then considered a proof of genius. This very night he will go to Almack's Club in Pall Mall, to play with 50*l.* rouleaus till daybreak, before a green table which shines like the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with a wallowing pool of 10,000*l.* He and his wild-eyed friends, fresh from Covent-Garden iniquities, will peel off first their gold-laced clothes, put on frieze greatcoats, or turn their coats for luck and bravado. On their wrists, to save their lace ruffles, crisp and white, they will slip on leather guards, such as footmen use when cleaning knives. To prevent tumbling their hair, and to guard their eyes from the glare of the lamps or the starry twinkle of the countless wax candles, they will wear high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, stuck with flowers, and bound with ribbons; and if they play at quinze, these votaries of folly will put on black masks with two holes cut for the eyes, that no player may betray his fears except he have taken so much claret that the painted cards totter in his hand. By his side each gamester has a small neat stand with a large rim, to hold a tea-cup, or a wooden bowl with an ormolu edge, to hold the rouleaus. No wonder the wit, George Selwyn, called the outer room, where the dirty Jew money-lenders waited for Fox till he rose, "the Jerusalem Chamber." No wonder jokes were cut on the Shylocks, and on their loans to that fat-puncheon Stephen Fox, and on his ability to give them pounds of flesh if he broke his bond.

What far-seeing or high-souled legislation could be expected from a young statesman whose weak speeches on a bill for revising the Thirty-nine Articles were excused, because their maker had that week sat at hazard from Tuesday evening to five o'clock in the next afternoon. At four o'clock that day he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and an hour after, at dinner, had again lost the whole all but a paltry thousand. On the Thursday he spoke in this debate, he went to dinner at past eleven at night, from thence to White's, to drink till seven in the morning; thence to Almack's, to win 6,000*l.*, and at between three and four to start for fresh glory at Newmarket.

Two nights after, fat brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.*, and on the 13th Charles threw away 10,000*l.* more; so that, as puny, astonished Walpole indignantly sums up, in three nights two brothers, the eldest no more than twenty-four, had lost at a fool's guess game not less a sum than 32,000*l.* No wonder that the father, Lord Holland, trusted Charles might soon marry, because then he would be in bed at least one night. No wonder that when Fox forsook lazy Lord North, the fashionable and every other world said that it was because he and his friend Burke, both speculative men of desperate fortune, had been refused grants of land in America. No wonder the dilettante Walpole talks of him as suspected by the mob of having robbed the Treasury, and denounces a young man so drunk with vanity and profligacy. He even tells a story of his brother Stephen advising Charles as a precaution to keep a list of the annuities he sold. "Pshaw," said the reckless adventurer, "I had rather pay those who have the impudence to claim annuities I did not sell them, than those who really made the purchase;" and when he gave in a list of them to his father, written in unblushing black ink, he forgot 5,000*l.* a year of them. It was, indeed, common for this English Alcibiades to make some of his most brilliant speeches the very day he had returned bled of all his gold from Newmarket, and hot and jaded from a day and night drinking, talking about a bill not then even drawn up, and only studied and diagrammed with a finger dipped in spilt wine on a tavern table. The old amateur of parliamentary business and retailer of gossip history, just as valuable and suggestive as sermons on history, takes great pains to analyse the eloquence of Fox, Burke, and Townshend. Fox, who was nineteen years younger than Burke, Walpole says, excelled him in shrewdness and common sense of argument, though inferior to him in the elegant flow of metaphors and in Ciceronian polish of style and method. When Burke had been tiring the house with speculative doctrines, as if he was addressing a Sanhedrim, and pouring out metaphors that to dull men seemed mere fireworks that lit, sparkled, astonished, but did not warm,—Fox, who had been running about the House talking to friends and enemies, and apparently scarcely listening, rose with spirit and all the memory of a good whist-player, to compare his rival's arguments, to reply to each of them with astonishing facility, and with that quiet, sober eloquence that is dear to the English parliamentary mind. Townshend excelled in abrupt wit, and shone without the patient preparation of Burke. As a young speaker he had given no evidence of talent: he suddenly rose like a rocket in the parliamentary hemisphere; but he was cowardly, false, flattering, and sarcastic, according to Walpole, trusted and believed

by none. Intellectually he was arrogant, and boldly talked of his superiority. Fox was vain ; so was Burke, who had no political art, and wanted the insinuating art and address to command and lead a party. Fox was too commanding and overbearing, and as for Lord North, he is painted by our great letter-writer as indolent and good-humoured, without pride, frankly indifferent to applause, and only retaining power for the sake of aggrandizing his family. Those naps of the lazy minister in the House, when Burke used to compare him to Lazarus, cost us America—at every nod went a State, knocked down to Freedom as the highest bidder. It is when starting up from one of these fatal sleeps that Dr. Doran shows the lazy lord unconsciously carrying away on his dress sword the wig of Welbore Ellis, who sat before him.

Nor do the Bishops get off scot-free in this truth-telling scandal-shop at Strawberry Hill, for just after showing us Bradshaw, Lord of the Admiralty, to be a pimp of the duke of Grafton, he goes on to fling his vitriol at the episcopal lawn. He shows the Bishops eager to retain the power of the rack and thumbscrew, and anxious at least to keep the dogs of persecution in their kennels, even if they did not pull the slips. He shows us overbearing Warburton, unable to decide whether to be tolerant or intolerant ; his adversary, good Isaiah Lowth, opposing a bill because the Americans refused to have bishops : Hinchcliffe of Peterborough, the son of a livery-stable-keeper, which is to his honour, equally violent ; and all this at the debate where the Westminster Abbey hero, Lord Chatham, who used to pit his son against his friend Alderman Beckford's boy, declared that the Church of England had no system ; that its Thirty-nine Articles were Calvinistical, the creeds papistical, and both the Church and Dissenters approaching every day nearer to Arminianism ; and what, says the parish clerk in the old joke, is worse than that, your worships, except it be rheumatism and atheism ? About that miserable pother of court intrigue, jealousies, and selfishnesses, the marriage of Lady Waldegrave with the Duke of Gloucester, we have more than enough in these journals. The ambitious lady, who paid so bitterly for her ambition, was the bastard daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horace's brother, by Dorothy Clement, a Durham milliner's girl (whose passion for rank she must largely and passionately have inherited), and dowager of the Earl of Waldegrave, governor of George III. and his brother : she had been privately married. Remembering the Duke of Cumberland's being prohibited the Court, and dreading such civil death, Horace, always cold-hearted and prudent, quietly lays down a scheme for the inevitable campaign. He did not wish to be driven from *the world*

like the Luttrells, and reduced to live in *solitude*: fancy the poor fashionable hermit of Twickenham: besides, the Duke of Gloucester, who had just heaped this doubtful honour on the family, had just mortified Horace's fast friend and agent Sir Horace Mann, the Resident at Florence. He determines to remain neutral, and share neither his sensible but restless niece's honours or disgrace. Hear the confession of the old man of the world. "This," he says, "was a conduct more prudent than affectionate or heroic, but I was cured (how easily some men are cured of such complaints) of sacrificing myself for others. I had *done with the world*, (we have just heard how he shuddered at the thought of being shut out from it,) and wished to pass in (voluptuous) tranquillity (*le pauvre homme*) the remainder of a *turbulent* life, (yes, war and perpetual thought,) in which I had given proof enough of spirit and disinterestedness." Yes, and of zeal in collecting noseless Vespasians, and energy in writing affectionate letters meant for the printer as yet unborn.

As for the king, with his angle of 45° forehead, Walpole in this disagreeable affair represents him as timid, crafty, and little short of a fool, who, but for being self-willed, would have appeared the perfect full-blown idiot that he was,—the bad son and the stupid unsuccessful father; the would-be tyrant who lost America, and but for Pitt might have lost England. About this humble, but by no means dishonourable marriage, the king seems to have cried and scolded, and put on the same unkingly, double, foolish, staring face as usual when he was angry and frightened, and angry because he was frightened at the threat of *Harry* whom he pretended to love. *Harry* behaved with timidity and irresolution, as if ashamed at the honest marriage he had effected. When the Duke of Cumberland married Mrs. Horton, he went to the king boldly with an account of the marriage in his pocket. The king would not read it. The duke said, "Sir, you must read it directly;" upon which, if we can trust Walpole, the good king broke out with the following burst of pride and hateful profligacy: "You fool, you blockhead, you villain, you had better have debauched all the unmarried girls in England;—you had better have committed adultery with all the married women: but this woman *can* be nothing,—she never shall be anything." Then the king foolishly sent the duke abroad, and declared his ministers had forbidden him to forgive his brother: so much for the good king with the forehead at the idiotic angle of 45. Then, till the final extorted reconciliation with the errant duke begins a long succession of miserable intrigues, jealousies, and heart-burnings, such as any honest pride would have burst through

like walls of cobweb. Some time-servers go to the duke but will not see the duchess, others go to worry the king, and others stop away to win his favour. The duke going to Foote's theatre is applauded; the rival duchess of Cumberland, who Walpole of course snubs, holds rival levées, which are a failure. Meanesses grow rampantly visible among the toadying nobles.

The duke, with proper spirit, is obliged to refuse to receive those who call on his daughter or himself and not on his wife. The duke, not much more than 23, said boldly, if he married like a boy he would at least defend his marriage like a man. The king tries first bullying, then cajoling. The duke threatens to throw up his regiment, and to summon the House Lords and appeal to them. At last, the legitimacy of the marriage is acknowledged, after every possible venting of pride, ill nature, duplicity, and cowardice. No poor village gossips could have been more inventive in their spite than this worthy king and his brother,—pride in the right and pride in the wrong. The king tries to persuade him to have the marriage performed over again, and refuses to stand godfather to the child and to review his regiment; the duke defies the king, and refuses to make concessions to his elder brother. No stiff-necked farmer, with narrow brain and hard heart, could have heaped more insolent indignities on an enemy than this good king did on his brother. The night the duke is supposed to be dying of a strangling asthma, the king and the queen went flaunting to the play; even the death of a little daughter of the duke's does not move the cold blood of the *anax androon*: the slights he received from the higher ranks, and the narrowness of his income, drive him even to think of writing to the House of Lords to intercede with the king for a provision. "But, no," he said, "nothing but fear will move my brother." Even when a kind letter might have brought life or death to the sick listener, Lord North brutally tells the duke verbally that the king will have nothing to do with him; but anger is a tonic in illness, and the duke gets well and goes abroad to shelter himself from these indignities, exaggerated by the lowest lackey of the palace. But what can we expect of the stupid heart and proud selfish head of a king who, after the recovery of his favourite brother from a family ailment, said to him, with a foolish stare, "Why, somebody said they had cut off your arm?"

The debates on the American war, pithily reported, are a specially interesting part of these two volumes of memoir gossip-history. They enable us to realise the wrongs of that colony, then ripe to fall off whatever happened, and the violence, folly, and cruelty with which the colonists, wishing only their rights, were

treated. Lord North on one occasion says, four or five frigates would carry out his measures, and proposes to destroy Boston as a port, censure and warning being of no use. Then "Devil Montague," a promising son of Lord Sandwich, said, America must be part of the constitution; two souls could not live in one body: upon which another member pronounces the "Carthago delenda." Dundas is more violent still; he should have been sorry had there been any other way to reduce the Americans but by the sword. . . . He hoped the bill might starve them. Ministers propose to burn every town on the coast; calls it remance to think of the Americans fighting; and Lord North is even coldly cruel enough to say, that if the people of England suffered from the war, they would at least have the satisfaction of making the Americans suffer more.

In these memoirs we see Wilkes but in half-length; his waxen wings of mob popularity melted; his name only kept alive by his blasphemy, insolence, and riotous ribaldry. Yet even in 1773, Burke describes the climate of the House changing as soon as the dreaded name of Wilkes is heard, the doors being barricaded, and strangers being refused admittance; and this at the very time when General Burgoyne was publicly in the House denouncing Junius as an assassin, liar, and coward, in the debate in which Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, had the effrontery to quote "Junius," which the court and Lord Mansfield had pronounced to be libellous.

This Burgoyne, a bastard of Lord Bingley, while quartered at Preston, secretly, though penniless, married a daughter of the Earl of Derby. Junius, in fiery blackening satire, denounced the unfortunate commander, but successful comedy-writer, as a gamester and sharper, and alluded to the Preston election, which he had been fined for carrying by display of armed power. Not a spotless man we should all say; yet foremost in that pack of bloodhounds that tore down a rough-handed but still brave and resolute conqueror and executer of national policy, bad or good—Lord Clive. That dark, ill-featured man (second sight might already have seen the thick red line across his throat) is accordingly pronounced by the House to have obtained by military force, a sum of no less than 20 lacs and 80,000 rupees; besides having encouraged assassination, and deceived his enemies by false treaties.

One way and another, Walpole carries us right through the Georges. He had been taken as a little boy by the old Sir Robert, that thorough brave-hearted English minister, to kiss the hand of George I., just setting out for Hanover. In after life to the Miss Berrys he described the king as a little man in a snuff-colour coat, with a blue riband and a star. Horace was then such

a little premature beau as we see him depicted in his early pictures ; thin and invalidated, with long laced waistcoat, and coat without a collar ; a little curled flaxen wig spanning his neat but super-delicate face.

Horace was born in Arlington Street, 1717 ; went to Eton in due time, and from thence to King's College, Cambridge, where he learned the civil law and mathematics, and in due time, after French and Italian, to dance, fence, and draw. At a reasonable age, he went into Parliament, and obtained some patent sinecure places which a warming-pan had kept for him.

The choicest morsels in the book are the scraps of parliamentary eloquence, noted down as the rarest things in long nights of debate, when Burke, Fox, Mansfield, North, Townshend, Wilkes, &c., made the air electric with the coruscations and flashes of their wit. For instance, we have Burke laughing at Burgoyne's bombastic threats, and ridiculous and shameful negotiation for scalps with the seventeen Indian nations whom he had absurdly entreated to be merciful, and to scalp only the dead ; and concluded by saying with inimitable wit, whose colours have not even yet faded, that the invitation was " just as if at a riot on Tower Hill, the keeper of the wild beasts had turned them loose ;" but adding, " my gentle lions, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyenas, step forth, but take care not to hurt men, women, or children." No wonder the ministers themselves shouted with laughter, that Lord North and Digby reeled in their seats, and that even down Barré's cheek stole iron tears. To match this, we have spirits of venom by Wilkes ; such as when he complains of his fifteen years of injuries ; laments the exile of the Duke of Gloucester, the pinched income of the Duke of Cumberland ; ending by insidiously extolling the king of France for his affection for his two brothers, who find in him an affectionate friend, not a gloomy tyrant like Louis XI ; and finishes up by sneering at Dr. Johnson for being in the Pension List ; David Hume for being rewarded for writing against Christianity ; and Beattie for writing against Hume. <sup>2</sup>

The journal, from its earliest notice of the Prince (George IV.), augurs bad of that fine gentleman and unapproachable scoundrel. Even at the age of ten, though kept in a hermitage, he is pronounced untamable. The king, from the first, seems to have determined to seclude him. While his brother Clarence was fighting over his middy's chest at sea, George was treated like a child ; kept among the lower and nursery servants, and even compelled to wear a frilled shirt like a baby. " See how I am treated ! " he said one day to a servant, rebellion in his eye. And what do these selfish precautions of the timid, dissimulating king lead to ? Why that the Duke of Cumberland got the boy into his power in order to persuade

him to force the king to acknowledge his duchess. He drank publicly in the drawing-room ; talked there with open irreligion and indecency ; bragged publicly of his debaucheries ; and laughed at the king to his face. With all the folly and evil nature of his grandfather, Prince Frederic, he drew on persons to abuse the king, and then betrayed them. He spoke of Lord Chesterfield with contempt, yet was always sending for him. To Mrs. Robinson, his mistress, he called his sister the vilest names. Of one of his greatest revels, at Lord Chesterfield's in Blackheath, Walpole gives us an account infamous enough to be worth abridging. One night as soon as the king had gone to bed, the Prince with his tutor in vice, his uncle Cumberland, and his young associates, St. Leger, Windham, and George Pitt, went to Blackheath to supper. Lord Chesterfield, being married, would not allow any of the Prince's female friends to be sent for. The youths all became immediately drunk, and the prince went to lie down on a bed. On his return, pale and staggering, one of his insolent Falstaffs rose and proposed as a toast, "A short reign to the king." The Prince, just conscious of the insult, drank a bumper, stammering, "Long live the king." The next feat was to let loose a ferocious house-dog, and George Pitt, a strong man, cruelly trying to tear out his tongue, the dog, breaking from him, bit Windham's arm, and tore a servant's leg. At six in the morning, when the Prince had to leave, Lord Chesterfield, in trying to light him out, fell down the area, and it was supposed fractured his skull. This accident spread the story ; the king, shocked at it, had no sleep for ten nights, and fell ill. From worse to worse went this corrupter of England : his evil Mentor the duke of Cumberland, who would not speak to the king, kept a faro bank for his pupil in vice, and in the queen's very house brought many lenders and courtezans to the Prince's apartment. If the Prince had to dine with the king, the son usually made the father wait a full hour. The father longed to check these insolences, but dared not for fear of his son leaving him, breaking out into open badness and heading the opposition. One day when the chase ended in a little village a long way from Windsor, the Prince and duke took the only cart that was to be hired in the place and left the king to go home as he could. Gradually the duke of Cumberland's folly, vulgarity, and habit of calling the Prince "Taffy," alienated his promising nephew from him. Yet, proud as he was, the future king used the language of footmen and grooms, and with all this want of parts, spirit, and steadiness, Walpole hints, we are afraid too justly, that the jealous king was perhaps pleased that this depraved and licentious life could never make his son his rival in popularity.

But what could we expect of the son of a man who had let his brother, as he believed, die rather than make the smallest concession from a silly pride, or who could treat the woman he once loved with such heartless coldness, as George III.? What could we expect from the hereditary virtues transmitted by a grandfather, the enemy and bitter foe of his own father?

The glimpses of great men yet in bud are specially interesting, and they are innumerable. We find Mr. Gibbon, merely indicated as the writer of a "Roman History," praising a speech of Fox to Walpole; "Young William Pitt," when Lord North fell, declaring he would not take a subordinate share in a new administration—an arrogance much condemned by Horace; Franklin blamed as irresolute; and mad Lord George Gordon, becoming known by starting up and denouncing Lord North for offering 1,000*l.* to the Duke of Gordon to keep him out of the house; soon after we come to Sheridan, described as "a most dissipated young man, overwhelmed with debts." The Lord George Gordon's first popery riots are as well sketched in bright fire crimson and yellow as they can be; but the small struggles of the American war are given more by rumour and despatches than by any formal method of history.

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### III.

## THE NEWSPAPER—DAY AND NIGHT.

BY A QUONDAM "SUB."

In the dying number of the "Cambridge Essays," is a paper by Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope, M.P., on newspaper writers, wherein the claims of the class to the respect of society, or to a reception equally sympathetic with that which is accorded to the members of other professions, are generously and successfully urged. Mr. Hope has been amongst them, and is pleased to think their company as agreeable as that of the more strictly fashionable and aristocratic sets with whom the greater part of his leisure is spent. He is very good, and we wish to thank him in a manly way for his services. In the meantime, his remarks have brought us under the lorgnettes of the curious, and some wonder is excited as to the real nature of our vocation. A day and night in the office of a daily journal, must be a round of experience, people say, very unlike the ordinary ways of business; there is some-

thing of mystery in the matter, and they wish to learn the actual operations. There is no objection that I see, to telling them: the movements are multifarious, and swiftly executed, but they are simple enough and easily understood. An idle hour may perhaps be spent without causing any one in the end to feel bored, in giving a matter-of-fact description. Nothing shall be said to magnify the details into great occurrences; and the accusation of dulness is preferable to the suspicion of putting in colours for the purpose of effect.

The postmen, despite the regulations of Mr. Rowland Hill, are always sure of a handsome Christmas-box at the newspaper offices; and if they deserve it at any hands, it is at those of "our people." There is the great packet of letters by the early post; the huge bundle of papers from every corner of the British empire, and, in turns, from every civilized part of the globe; and lesser rivulets run in all the day long. If I were to break the seals, and begin to scan over the lines, I should want all the pages of this number of the "Eclectic" to myself. The "letters to the editor," in a regular way, form a respectable part of the morning journals; but the unprinted myriads, who can describe!

It is known by the learned, that a letter-writing madness is a distinct and definite form of lunacy. I have found people write long pages, week after week, to a journal for a series of years, without a single line ever obtaining admission; and yet, every letter clearly indited with that object. There is a lady in London who scatters printed letters over the land, in which verses of Scripture are incoherently mingled with allusions to current events. She spends a handsome income in this mission; but I never saw one of her letters in a newspaper. I remember the sensation produced one evening, by a card with her name upon it, being sent up; the unknown was at our gates; the interpreter of prophecy was at our bidding. She came in an elegant carriage, and her pair of dappled greys were the admiration of every beholder. She had her interview; but as strict orders were given that for the future she was to be courteously sent away, it must be supposed that her conversation was not more intelligible than her epistles. Another unfortunate creature sends, nearly every day, a card, on each side of which are extremely absurd ejaculatory expressions, for the special behalf of the editor. Sometimes (when the moon is at the full) the outer cover of the envelope is similarly ornamented. In short, a more medley heap could scarcely be collected, than that which is forwarded to the editor's room, and lies there biding his coming.

But we have a form of mental derangement more troublesome still, viz. "calling to see the editor." No amount of denials will

intimidate some ; nor the assurances of the most gentlemanly of secretaries, satisfy others. The errand is often richly ridiculous. The story is told, that a day or two after the death of a gentleman known "to be connected" with the *Times*, a person in a threadbare suit called in Printing House Square to learn "if an editor was wanted?" And I can believe it. But of course they never see the great man. When the hour of the first editorial visit arrives, say two o'clock in the afternoon, quite another order of beings are admitted to his presence. First, let him fill his waste-paper basket, tear off the wrappings from the parcels of books from the publishers, examine the cards of "private views," or first representations, and determine their fate, and then our favoured friends shall step in. How soon the room resounds with pleasant laughter! Stories from the clubs and the law courts, and gossip anent the broadsheets of the morning, carry off the first half hour, and lead the way to suggestions for the morrow. Mr. Hope does not think so, but newspaper writers *do* go into society a good deal, or at least into "representative" circles, where they can observe and gather the opinions of the outer crowd. At a dinner the other day, a vivacious and clever lady was drawn into an argument with the gentleman who was her nearest neighbour, and she combated his views with a considerable degree of spirit. The conversation on her part was forgotten, but was recalled to her mind in a startling and unexpected fashion before the week was out, by finding not her sentiments only, but her anecdote, her illustrations and very language, printed in a leader in a certain tremendous organ of public opinion. She intends, when at that house, for the future, and when intrusted to the charge of a stranger, to ask the hostess if he is a "gentleman of the press."

The sub-editor of a morning journal is usually in his room of an evening by eight o'clock. A box, his box, lies on the table, and the printers, some distance off, are restlessly waiting his inspection of its contents. There is the heavy packet from the city editor ; a host of parcels from the country, and reports of public meetings in the metropolis, saying nothing of the reams of "flimsy ;" but it is not long before his decks are cleared. Off fly wrappers and envelopes, snap goes the string, and in a few minutes the printers have each a morsel to stay their insatiate appetites. I never knew any one yet who could define a sub-editor's duties ; who could trace out his province, and clearly indicate the boundary line. Often he is the editor's closest confidant ; and contributors who scarcely are aware that a sub-editor exists, have not a tithe of the sympathy from their chief, which is enjoyed by the resolute and industrious sub. The two criticise in company, they take counsel together, they, perhaps, alone

feel a personal, individual interest apart from professional duty, in their work. Atlas not unfrequently shifts his burden to the Junior's shoulders, and has no uneasy fears as he ruminates in a rural retreat, or joins the gambols of his children on the beach. A good "sub" has a rarely-erring instinct that detects the false news from the true. There are so many rogues and fools who can write, that he needs sharp wit to preserve him from the hoax. Occasionally a trick is tried,—the death of a celebrated personage, a sham murder, or a fictitious "state document." A graphically-narrated story was received one night, setting forth that a boy had crept into a baker's oven somewhere at the West End, had fallen asleep and been shut in; how the fire was kindled, the child suffocated, and his "charred remains" (those were the words) afterwards raked out with the bread. The baker's name and address were given, and tallied with the Directory, so a messenger was despatched to inquire if "a boy had been baked there that day?" How intensely horrified the tradesman must have been, may be guessed, when I tell you that he was a man remarkably fond of children, and peculiarly proud of the attention with which the process of baking was carried on in his establishment. The foregoing is a specimen of the annoyances a sub-editor is liable to experience. But though often with no other guide than his common sense, scarcely ever is he caught in a trap.

The lamps are lighted in all the rooms, and the brains of the workers are quickening into play. The sub-editor has given some portion of the drudgery to one assistant, and another portion to another, while he himself is engaged upon a pet task; the development of a luminous idea; a discovery in the regions of "intelligence," something at which he is to gaze triumphantly to-morrow, and with which he will inwardly taunt his contemporaries. The foreign editor is reading the *Independance Belge*, while the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is at his elbow, and the *Débats* upon his knees; and within call is a translator painfully deciphering the MS. of an Italian correspondent, dating from Turin. The reporters' room is beginning to fill. Heavy debates are proceeding in both Houses, and a cab every half hour brings up gentlemen mentally burdened with notes that are disagreeably copious, and who have the prospect of a similar jaunt when the transcription is completed. The conversation is but fragmentary, and in whispers. It is best to avoid interrupting them. The expression upon a reporter's face when his notes are abundant, is not the most amiable he can summon. He scowls rather than looks at his book, and there seems to be a yell suppressed, as he bends over the leaves. In the printing rooms the men are at work at what they regard as a comfortable pace.

The readers are not goaded at present for proofs ; and in their closets, also, there is as yet tranquillity. The reading boys (the shrewdest lads in the world) snatch a "fearful joy" at odd intervals, by continuing "Peter Simple," or "Dombey and Son," borrowed from the Compositors' Library, and which they huddle away in an odd corner at the first sound of an alarm. The hours pass to the worker, as minutes pass to the idle. As the night deepens, the exceptional characteristics of newspaper production become prominent. The high houses on either side are in darkness, the shutters are up, every blind is unrolled, and, excepting it may be the faint light in a sick room, there is nothing to disturb the aspect, not so much of rest as absolute extinction : so the contrast of night and day always presents itself in London. You can hardly suppose those dwellings are full of sleeping people ; that tired limbs lie there in rest ; that eyelids are closed in peaceful sleep ; they rather appear as if deserted ; as though life had fled. The sounds, too, of London, the rattle of wheels, the din of voices, the monotonous hum, have died away. But the gas burns steadily, brilliantly, passionately, on every floor, in every room of the newspaper offices. Life is beating there ; the "tick" of the type as it is picked out of its abiding place, is faster and faster as the stillness of the other world becomes more profound. The sub-editor wades in a sea of papers ; the translator has three dictionaries open, and his eyes are straining at the MS., as though a railway train were behind him ; the assistants throw hurried glances of despair at the accumulation of "flimsy" which is yet to be made intelligible and grammatical ; and boys, with long strips of paper in their hands, are shooting about like swallows. One look of respect in the editor's room :—more visitors have come and gone. The second and third leaders are swiftly passing from the written scraps into the printed column ; but the *first* still hovers between heaven and earth. One House of Parliament is still sitting. The chambers, say the messengers, are crammed ; whippers-in flit across the lobby ; mysterious button-hole conferences are improvised at the corners ; and a little crowd stands within the doors watching the eloquent Mr. Greekstone, who is streaming like a meteor across the sky of the debate. Nothing can be done to the *first* leader yet. Thus there is a pause. Failing proofs, the Prime Minister of this perfect little government pulls to him the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or *Punch* (if it is Tuesday night), or *Fraser*, or the *Saturday Review*, and reads. But there is little pleasure in reading when the thought of a "leader" is pressing with leaden weight upon the mind. He looks at the clock by the side of the mantel-piece (there is a clock in every room, and all are made to keep exact time) and sees that the "statement"

will soon be sent up. This “statement” creates a nightly sensation. It is an account, in brief, of the progress of the night’s work. Thus, we suppose that there are forty-eight columns in a newspaper. At twelve o’clock at midnight, the head printer (a master mind, a Sir Charles Trevelyan in shirt-sleeves, and with a white apron) takes a cord of a certain length, and measures the number of “columns” which have been composed, *i. e.* put into type, and fills up a printed form, stating the details, the number of columns of leaders, foreign intelligence, advertisements, Parliament, &c. respectively. When these are added up, the editor sees at a glance the quantity of space at his disposal. This printed form is always taken first to the editor. Sometimes it is a very disagreeable document indeed. Figures are infallible; you cannot deny them. Your first inclination on finding that at twelve o’clock at midnight you have already filled your next morning’s paper, is to turn round and abuse your printer; but he is in a fortified position, he can wait your attack, and is hatefully strong. How unfair, how irrational at times are the wisest of men! I have heard a shrewd, methodical man, and an admirable mathematician, tell a printer pettishly that “This *must* go in, and so must that, and **THIS** is more important than anything,” when he was aware all the time that these things would in their entirety swamp the whole journal, and leave a quantity running over. But in such cases, could there be anything more provoking than the demeanour—the imperturbable, impassive demeanour—of the printer? I knew a man, who, when you appealed to him, after you had exceeded the limits of the space, if he could not see the imperative necessity of forcing room for this and for that, would always reply in the coolest way, “Yes, sir; but there can only be eight pages in the paper.” How can you respond to such a speech? How intensely disgusted you feel at such commonplace argument! I know another who has more poetry in him; who affects to be warmed by the generous ardour that fills the editorial mind; and who has always a ready affirmative: “Certainly, sir, very well, sir; we must do the best we can;” but who, truth compels me to add, does not succeed in getting the whole into a part of the whole; but when editors have departed, quietly omits just the particular one of the “necessities” convenience suggests. Still, he does not fling truth in your face, and if he thinks to humbug you, it is with your own connivance.

But great as is my reverence for the editor’s room, my heart, let me confess it, is with the “sub.” I could grow eloquent, I dare to believe, in dilating upon him. I should be certain to class him with the great powers of the earth, or the “unnamed demigods,” as Kossuth has it. When I imagine his first look at

that "statement" on a heavy Parliament night, I feel moved, but will repress such sympathy lest I make this narrative pathetic. I have referred to his cherished hope, his love's young dream, his secret gem. This printed form destroys it—

" 'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed."

The editor has bespoken so much for his communications, that room to-night would be impossible for the treasure trove of the poor sub. Perhaps it is the report of a parliamentary committee exclusively obtained: perhaps a remarkable event, which would set every one gossiping, which has turned up in the Indian, Australian, or American files. No matter, it must wait; for even if the editor had been less exacting, the parliamentary debate would have pushed it aside. Those columns of debate march on through the night in "serried masses:" thousands of pygmies fall in, standing compactly together, and silently everything retreats before them. The sub-editor's rarity has gone long ago; now markets, lists of the prices of shares, news of all kinds, are trodden off; soon the two leaders will follow; and at last all in the paper that is not hard, solid speeches is a "thin line" of news at the edge, protected by one leader as an outwork.

But the true newspaper child, after the first sigh is over, sets cleverly to work to baffle his enemy. The lazy or incompetent hand is content with inditing a line regretting that "the great pressure upon our space obliges us this morning to omit many articles of intelligence," but the thoroughly efficient one has a desperate struggle with any such relief. He sets his colleagues to work to re-write, to condense, to give the essence or the quintessence—any alternative is better than downright omission. The Paris *Moniteur* arrives by special parcel after midnight: trains from the north bring sheaves of news from Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester. Let them come: there are three or four pens will deal with them, and the public be no great losers. The reporters' room is gradually gathering to itself the whole interest of the scene. The cabs come up more frequently: the gentlemen who rush from the steps to their room are more hurried than ever in the few phrases they exchange. Words rush from their mouths with astounding velocity. Each one has a myrmidon—a printer's devil if you like to call him so—at his elbow, and every five minutes the young imp darts to the printing-room with the precious manuscript in his outstretched hand. Between 12 and 3 o'clock in the morning the pressure upon the reporters is occasionally tremendous.

Before the latter hour the editor has heard intelligence which will suffice for the completion of his great article. One or two of his contributors have been to the House, and he will use their descriptive sketches to-night if he can ; if not, he will import the substance of their communications into his own performance. The creation of this one article is a fine achievement of intellectual energy.

I am in a still and darkened room : at a table, bestrewn with books, pamphlets, letters, and litter, sits a tall, noble-looking man writing under the light of a shaded lamp. There is something towering and lofty in his presence. There are men who remind you of eagles, they seem ever ready to rise to a higher air, and he is of them. As I enter I hear the scratch of his pen. If I stand at his side I see his hand moving as swiftly as the eye can follow. No shorthand writer in Mr. Gurney's staff can write faster than that, and yet the thoughts, the style, the mere knowledge which is carried off on those strips of paper, the ink still wet, would make many a laboured review in an orthodox quarterly seem a very tame production indeed. He used to say that with him the process of composition was completed before he sat down to write. The whole essay, with the sentences in lawful succession, with the component paragraphs, and even the commas and semicolons, lay out before him ere he touched the pen. He thought it into existence while he was looking in the fire, or walking backwards and forwards with his hands in his pockets. His chief difficulty was in making his fingers keep pace with his thought. At such a rate, we may suppose the article soon accomplished and the proof of it revised. He now rings his bell and orders his cab, and while the messenger is away, steps to the sub-editor's sanctum, and after a word or two, by way of general review of the night's proceedings, bids his faithful colleague "good-night." As his cab rolls off, the reporters who have come up with the last "turns" are finishing their task, and so precious are the moments that the head printer himself is down at their elbows, and will snatch away a line at a time if they will let him. At length their room, too, is vacant : the last pair have donned their great-coats and lit their cigars, and as they turn some corner the sharp sound of their walking-sticks on the pavement is lost to the ear.

The sub-editor is usually the "last man." The young dramatic critic who comes in to write a notice of a new farce played perhaps at the end of the night's performances, or the musical critic after a grand revival at Covent Garden—both are liable to be dreadfully late, but the sub-editor is later than they. Even his assistants depart before him. Often he catches the noise of the "mallet" concluding the printer's operations, and the mysterious

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groanings of the machine as it is roused for the climax of the toil. He knows the night so well that he can tell the exact half-hour by the lull or swell of its voices. A grave and careful bachelor has arrived in an adjoining house some hours ago, and if the wires bring mighty or contemptible news he is at hand (poor wretch!) to be roused, but the sub lingers still. In the summer-time the daybreak steals upon him, and he knows the touch of the wind which

“ Whispers to the fields of corn  
‘ Bow down and hail the coming morn.’ ”

The printers, with the exception of two or three who are relieved at a later hour, have gone their various ways; and, though the errors they have overlooked should haunt them as spectres, the readers are sleeping the untroubled sleep of the good. The sub-editor departs at last, and boys hasten into his rooms to clear away the wrecks of the night. The machine-man, who loves his engine as a bride, and admires her with the freshness of the youthful heart, is surrounded by his aide-de-camps, and the paper is brought into being. The first sheet is rigidly scanned, but time is up,—we are late (newspapers are always late—always aiming at an ideal never to be reached)—the machine-man shouts to let the steam play. Away go roller, strap, and “table,” and layer after layer soon form a pile large enough for the early trains. The publisher will be here presently, and in his track come the flying carts of the news-agents and the swarm of young London whose wants he will have to supply. I leave him in their midst, shouting louder than they, and pray him a safe deliverance and his paper a miraculous circulation.

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#### IV.

#### BLUNDERS OF VISION—COLOUR BLINDNESS.

SOME years ago a party of gentlemen were discussing the question of blindness over their wine in the mansion of a northern noble. It was stated by one of the company that persons had been known to lose the power of vision, so far as one eye was concerned, long before they had any consciousness of the defect. Polite doubts were expressed on the point. Every one would admit that a man might labour under a mental or moral cataract without being particularly alive to the infirmity, but physical opacity was too conspicuous an evil to be long concealed. More

in jest than with any suspicion of the result, the loudest of the sceptics was requested to ascertain whether his own organs were "all right." Closing one eye, he exclaimed, with a start of horror, "Why, bless me, I can scarcely see at all!" He himself was in the very predicament he had refused to accredit.

However startling such a case may seem, there are undoubtedly many persons who suffer from eccentricities of vision without ever discovering the defect until they have ripened (in their own opinion) into perfect men. Perhaps not even then. Entering any assembly consisting of a thousand individuals we might safely exclaim, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are probably twenty people in this respectable company who are more or less affected with chromatopseudopsis, otherwise parachromatism, otherwise dyschromatopsis, otherwise dyschrosis, otherwise Daltonism." Of course the audience would be greatly alarmed by this announcement, and the fairer portion might become quite indignant, naturally supposing that some wicked imputation lay concealed under such learned terms. To pacify them it would be necessary to explain that certain persons were incapable of perceiving certain colours, or that they confounded one with another; in fact, that the human eye was subject to a variety of chromatic heresies, although the owner might think himself as orthodox in vision as every man deems himself in the Faith.

Cases of colour blindness must, of course, have frequently occurred amongst our forefathers, but these esteemed individuals do not appear to have systematised their observations at all. Every now and then a person conducts himself so strangely that his friends are compelled to conclude that a "screw must be loose" either in his eye or in his brain. The writer of this article well remembers how he first discovered that such a visual peculiarity existed. Walking out with a companion—let us take the names of Jones and Jenkins for the moment—the latter happened to make a remark about the colour of a door, which he (Jones) declared to be red, and we (Jenkins) knew to be green. Thinking that this assertion was a mere specimen of boyish fun, Jenkins laughed as Brother Martin might laugh when my Lord Peter assured him (in Swift's wonderful Tale of a Tub) that a loaf of bread was a shoulder of mutton. But when Jones repeated the observation with perfect gravity, and, spite of all remonstrances, protested that the door was just as fiery looking as a soldier's coat, Jenkins felt it incumbent upon him to take high ground, and to break a lance in the cause of Truth. Sharp words were soon exchanged. "What on earth," he asked, "can make you say that the door is red?" "And what on earth," replied Jones, "can make you say that the door is green?"

“Why,” replied Jenkins, fiercely, “it is as plain as possible that the door is green.” “No,” retorted Jones, in great anger, “it is as plain as possible that the door is red.” Well, there was nothing for it apparently but a battle. We were just at an age when knotty controversies are extremely liable to finish with a fight. War was accordingly proclaimed. If Jones had beaten Jenkins, we presume the door would have been decidedly red; if Jenkins had beaten Jones, the door would have been as decidedly green—such is the logic of physical force. Fortunately, when the two belligerents like the knights of the silver shield, were on the brink of an engagement, an acquaintance came by, and the matter was referred to arbitration. “Pray,” said Jenkins to the pacifier, “will you tell us if that door is green?” “Certainly it is green,” said he, “and so must you be to put such a question.” On further inquiry, when Jones was sufficiently cool to submit to an examination touching his chromatic perceptions, it appeared that the two hues were indistinguishable to his eye; that he gave the name of red to every object which belonged to either class; and that, in his opinion, a brick building in the distance was of the same tint as the lawn on which it stood!

Until recently, little has been done to investigate this infirmity upon an extensive scale. Dr. Dalton of Manchester was the first person in England who drew any marked attention to the subject. He himself could only perceive two, or at most three, distinctions of hue in the solar spectrum; and, therefore, a rainbow must have seemed to him like a tame arch of yellow and blue. He could perceive no distinction between woollen yarn whether dyed crimson or dark blue. Specimens of claret-coloured cloth bore a strong resemblance to mud. If stockings had been spotted with blood, he would hardly have suspected that the stains were anything more than mere dirt. He compared a florid complexion to a dull blackish blue upon a white ground; so that a ruddy countenance produced the same impression upon his retina as dilute black ink smeared upon writing-paper. And when he mounted his scarlet gown at Oxford, he pronounced it to be of the same hue as the grass of the fields.

It is, however, to Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, that the public is indebted for the largest collection of facts on this interesting topic, and to his researches we are indebted for some of the illustrations of chromatic error about to be adduced. Let us premise, however, that though colour blindness is a defect, it is not exactly a disease. It is generally born with the individual, and continues with him during life. The eye appears to be complete in its structure, and in other respects discharges its duties in as exemplary a manner as the most respectable organ of the frame.

First, there are cases in which persons are perfectly unable to distinguish colours at all. They know that black is black, and white is white; but as to the prismatic tints they are completely in the dark. Not many years ago there was a man in Edinburgh who was in this unlucky condition. By some freak of fortune, almost as whimsical as if a deaf person were apprenticed to an organist, this poor fellow was brought up a house-painter. Compelled to dabble with colours continually, he would have fallen into the most egregious blunders; but marrying a woman whom he could trust to choose and mix his pigments, he was enabled to pursue his calling without any very violent breaches of propriety. On one occasion, however, when this valuable helpmate happened to be from home, the husband undertook to paint a room in a public building. He prepared, as he thought, a capital stone-tint, and was rapidly covering the walls with the mixture when he was arrested by some one who told him that he was decorating the place with an unquestionable blue.

Instances like this, however, where there exists a total insensibility to all the leading tints, are comparatively rare. More frequently it happens that the individual is blind to one particular colour, or at least incapable of detecting any marked difference between two very discrepant hues. Red is, generally speaking, the shibboleth of those who are imperfectly versed in the language of vision. As we call an object black when it reflects no prismatic ray to the eye, persons thus circumstanced will see little more distinction between blood and tar than a phlebotomist would perceive between the blood of an Englishman and that of a Spaniard. A clerk in a public office frequently astonished his superiors by signing his name to official documents in red ink—he believing that he was doing it in the legitimate Japan. A gentleman who had sent a letter to his family whilst on a journey was surprised to learn on returning home that the first part of the epistle was in black ink and the latter in red. A banker in London made such repeated mistakes in this way that he was at length compelled to keep his inks in standishes of a different shape. Sporting gentlemen have been known who could not discriminate between the black coats and red ones in the field, particularly when the light was waning. To eyes of this description a regiment of soldiers would appear as mild in their habiliments as if they were a regiment of civilians, and but for their arms and the warlike cut of their garments, a file of heroes might almost be mistaken for a funeral procession. Many comical mistakes have arisen from this source. A gentleman relates in the "Philosophical Transactions" how he was shocked just before the marriage of his daughter by the appearance of the bridegroom in a suit of

black; for in earlier times it seems that colour was indispensable to matrimony. Papa insisted that the poor fellow should go home and assume some less melancholy attire; but the bride, who would probably have married him in sackcloth, like a noble woman—at least so we suspect—rushed to the rescue, and declared that her lover was correctly clothed in a rich claret-coloured dress. Such was the fact. One day, after service at church, a gentleman went up to a lady and inquired, with great concern, for whom she was in mourning. For no one, was the reply: why should he imagine that such was the case? The querist explained—was not her bonnet a deep black? Certainly not: it was crimson velvet! A person who had lost a relative greatly scandalized his friends by sealing his black-edged letters with red wax, just as many an heir-at-law would probably do if, after testifying his regard for the memory of the departed by using a sheet with the deepest and darkest of borders, he were at liberty to symbolize his genuine sentiments when he came to the seal. But this was nothing to the blunder of an upholsterer's apprentice who was sent to purchase some black cloth to cover a coffin, and returned with a quantity of scarlet, under the impression that it was as sorrowful a sable as the occasion required.

Next, let us mention a series of cases in which one colour is simply confounded with another. Red, for example, may be habitually mistaken for green, or crimson identified with blue. Take the former species of defect; for the clashing of green with red is one of the most popular forms of heterodoxy in regard to hues. A gentleman was asked if he saw any object stretched upon a hedge. He declared there was none. The fact was that a red cloak happened to be thrown over it, and though the exact position was pointed out to him, he could not perceive any difference in colour between the garment and the green of Nature. Boys have more than once become acquainted with their parachromatism—not certainly under that title—by finding that their companions could make easy havock amongst the cherries whilst they, from inability to discriminate between the hues of the fruit and leaves, were compelled to explore the trees laboriously, and to commit their depredations on a very unsatisfactory scale. The same difficulty has attended their operations whilst foraging in the strawberry-beds. Other most amusing instances are on record. A gentleman was requested to pick out all the greens from a number of pieces of stained glass: he selected the red, brown, claret, yellow, and pink; and when asked to say which was the most emphatic green of the group, he unhesitatingly fixed upon the claret. A surgeon called upon his tailor intending to order a pair of brown pantaloons: he selected the cloth himself; but when the garment

came home, the colour proved to be as sanguinary as if he were on the point of starting for the wars. He went on another occasion determined to secure his favourite brown, but not being properly aware of his defect, the result was just as unfortunate as before: this time the colour adopted was a violent green; and the poor fellow was compelled to get the articles dyed in order that he might not be mistaken for a soldier or a huntsman. A nobleman, whose vision was similarly affected, began to banter his lady one day for wearing a scarlet dress. Her ladyship was at a loss to understand the joke, for her dress was as verdant as the garb of spring. A gentleman who was fond of drawing used to perpetrate landscapes in which the trees were adorned with red foliage; and when he attempted to execute a marine view, his waves—contrary to all precedent, except they were intended for the Red Sea—were tipped with fine crimson crests. A medical student discovered his defect in a curious way. Whilst attending a course of chemical lectures, the professor performed the usual experiments to show how the colours of vegetable extracts might be changed by the action of acids and alkalies. Pouring his alkaline solution into an infusion of red cabbage, he announced that the liquid would finally become greenish. The student watched the process, but the red cabbage seemed to be very refractory. He waited long, expecting every moment to see the little prodigy performed. The professor, meanwhile, did not appear to be at all distressed. There was no chuckling on the part of the students at his discomfiture. On the contrary, he seemed to retire from the experiment as if he were perfectly victorious; and the pupils on inquiry asserted that the vegetable tincture had succumbed without demur, and that the operation had come off with flying colours.

There are many varieties, however, of chromato-pseudopsis—that abominable Greek compound again! In one large class of cases, namely those in which people are required to distinguish between the more delicate shades of composite colours, Professor Wilson considers that inability is the rule and not the exception. Want of space forbids us to touch upon these, and for the same reason we must abstain from discussing the different theories which have been adduced to explain the phenomena of colour blindness. Dr. Dalton, who had a right to express an opinion on the subject, since his name has been attached to the infirmity, suggested that one of the humours of the eye might be tinged with some hue which, in his case, he supposed to be “some modification of blue!” Consequently the light transmitted through the optic chamber would be affected upon the same principle, as if a little window of stained glass were inserted in the organ. But when, after the chemist’s death, a scientific

inquest was held upon his eye, the humours were found to be perfectly pellucid, and the crystalline lens exhibited the yellowish tinge which is customary in the aged. Failing to detect the cause in the liquids of the organ, Sir David Brewster conjectured that the *retina* might possibly be coloured; but of this there is no satisfactory proof. Besides these and other chromatic hypotheses, there are theories which refer the defect to some specialty either in the nervous apparatus of the eye, or in the brain, or in both. A phrenologist of course settles the question by pointing to the region immediately above the eye but beneath the eye-brow, and if he finds it unsatisfactorily developed, he exclaims, "Sir, number Twenty-six is miserably deficient, what can you expect?\* Thank your stars if you can tell a judge in crimson from an undertaker in sable." It need scarcely be added that as the cause of the infirmity is so subtle, and its exact seat not yet ascertained, all theory must rest upon a basis of mere conjecture.

But whatever may be the true explanation of this phenomenon, colour blindness has been productive of much inconvenience, and in some instances completely cripples the patient so far as certain occupations are concerned. A bookbinder had an apprentice whom he was obliged to discharge, because the youth ran him into frequent scrapes with his customers by binding books in all sorts of unexpected hues. An artist had a disciple who was compelled to abandon painting, for in copying a picture he made the roses blue, he flushed his sky with crimson instead of azure, and a horse which ought to have figured in the landscape in a modest brown hide was dyed a bluish green. A milliner once mended a lady's black silk dress with crimson, and a tailor at Plymouth, to whom a dark blue coat was sent to be tinkered, returned it patched at the elbows with pieces as bright as arterial blood. A tailor's man, who had just been promoted to a post which required him to match colours for the journeymen, applied to Professor Wilson in great distress, saying that he must lose his situation unless he could be cured. Number twenty-six appeared to be in a state of insanity, for, amongst other freaks, it had persuaded him to order green strings for the back of a scarlet livery waistcoat, to mate greens with browns, and to put red stripes on some trousers in place of blue. A haberdasher was asked what became of shopmen whose number twenty-six was sadly at fault. From his reply it seems that these unfortunates frequently take refuge in mourning establishments, where of course no appreciation of tints is required, either in the "deep affliction hue," or in the "mitigated sorrow

\* Colour is numbered 26 in Spurzheim's system.

department." Chemists have been embarrassed in their pursuits by inability to determine the colours of their precipitates, and a geologist has been known to take a person with him whilst examining a red sandstone district, to point out in the distance where the herbage ended and the red rock appeared. We remember a question of title arising with regard to some property described on a plan, and stated in the deeds to be coloured red. But there was a fine long slip of ground which manifestly exhibited the same tint, though judging from certain extrinsic evidence it ought to have been painted green. Had not the parties concerned been amicably disposed, the mistake of a colour-blind clerk might thus have given rise to a superb amount of litigation. Imagine, too, a young painter madly in love, endeavouring to pourtray the idol of his heart. What would be her consternation on discovering that her soft blue eyes were a flaming red; that her nose was of the greenest tint, and that her locks hung in rich purple ringlets upon a neck of spotless drab?

There is one very serious form, however, in which colour blindness might be productive of disastrous results. You are travelling by railway; you observe in the distance a man waving a flag. If that flag is red it indicates danger; if green, it simply denotes caution. By night the same purpose is answered by the employment of lamps of corresponding hue. The train goes rushing on. There happens to be some obstruction in the road. Then follows a crash; and in an instant scores of men who, but a moment before, were full of life and perfect in limb, lie mangled beneath the shattered vehicles. How is this? The person whose duty it was to hoist the signal of danger is colour-blind, and has seized the wrong flag, or the driver, whose business it was to interpret it, is dead to the difference between red and green. It may be true that catastrophes clearly traceable to this cause may never have occurred on our iron highways; but considering that red and green are the hues which are most frequently confounded in colour blindness—that red is especially treacherous during twilight because it soonest disappears—and that until recently signal-men were never subjected to any practical examination to test the integrity of their vision, we may well shudder at the thought that our lives have repeatedly been staked upon the chance-sufficiency of an official's sight.

There are three or four points connected with colour blindness which we can barely note. First, it is frequently hereditary in families. A Dr. Earle, of the United States, ascertained that amongst his own relatives there were at least twenty individuals who suffered from this oddity of vision. Secondly, ladies are said to be comparatively exempt. Professor Wilson states that

in his researches he never heard of more than six feminine instances of colour blindness in this country, and of these he only succeeded in capturing a single decided specimen. Cases however have turned up which show that the men do not bear the exclusive burden, as all polite individuals would doubtless wish the sex to do. Thirdly, it has been alleged that the number of colour-blind persons amongst the Society of Friends is inordinately large, and an attempt has been made to explain this inference upon philosophical grounds, for it has been said that the practice of wearing apparel from which all gay tints are excluded, must ultimately tell upon the eye, and in the course of several generations the consequences will mount up until they appear as a decided physical imperfection. Unfortunately for this theory Quakers are not always looking at their clothes, nor are they shut out from the varied hues of nature and art, nor does their defect bear any distinct relationship, complimentary or otherwise, to the prevalent drab of their denomination. The fact that Dalton was a member of their persuasion, and that consequently minuter researches may have been instituted amongst the body, will explain why they have furnished so large a contingent of patients. Lastly, it has been calculated that one individual in every fifty is decidedly colour-blind, and taking milder cases into account, it is conjectured that one in every twenty may be more or less affected.

## V.

## TOWN AND FOREST.

## CHAPTER IV.

## HAINAULT FOREST.

HAINAULT FOREST! What a delightfully romantic name! What ideas it conjures up of grassy glades amid old, old trees frequented by owls and squirrels, with violets and primroses growing at their roots, and hares and rabbits slipping here and there through the fern, and groups of startled deer rushing across and out of sight, and wood-pigeons cooing afar off, no one can exactly say where. But where is Hainault Forest? There was a Sir John de Hainault in olden times, of whom Froissart tells pleasant stories—how that he was a handsome, brave young knight, wondrously taken in by cunning Queen Isabella, wife of our Edward the Second, to whom he swore fealty, and in whose cause he came over from Flanders with ever so many gallant soldiers to fight in her defence.

Well, but that brave young Sir John de Hainault had nothing to

do, maybe, with our Hainault Forest. The province of Hainault is in the Netherlands; but Hainault Forest is close on the skirts of smoky London.

"It is difficult to believe," said John, "that in former times the whole county of Essex was one immense forest; yet such, Mr. Bolter tells me, was really the case. In the reign of Charles the First, when its boundaries were greatly diminished, its extent was estimated at sixty thousand acres, forty-eight thousand of which have been since inclosed, leaving twelve thousand acres of waste and woodland.

"You know, Ellen, we were lately reading an account of the famous Fairlop oak, and how its branches formerly overspread a circuit of three hundred feet. A fair used to be held in its honour, and under its shade, on the 22nd of July, when the days are long and the weather is generally pleasant enough. Many a loving couple has doubtless strayed among the green glades and alleys thereabouts at such times, and many a sociable party has been grouped round a cold pigeon-pie in the shade, and many a girl has munched gingerbread and many a boy blown his penny whistle under that old oak. Had this been all, it would have been harmless enough; but unhappily drinking and gaming became the two prominent features of this fair, as they do of most. On Fairlop Sunday, 1839, seventy-two gambling-tables and a hundred and seven drinking-booths were counted round about the spot where the old oak once flourished—for it has long since been cut down, and the pulpit of St. Pancras church was constructed of the timber. Earlier in the year, when the trees are clothed in green, a better place for a gipsying party than Epping Forest can hardly be imagined; and one does not wonder that numbers of vans with their looped-up curtains and gay streamers, filled with joyous men, women, and children, not forgetting well-packed baskets of provisions, should briskly trot along the road to the sound of flute, horn, and fiddle, amid shouts and shrill huzzas. On arriving at the forest they drive up to some well-known public-house, alight, form into small parties, and straggle off, some one way some another, as the fancy takes them; some leaping over bushes, some slinging at boles of trees, some chasing squirrels, some sitting in the shade, or straying along in harmonious chat, till summoned to dine on the grass."

"Pleasant enough, too," said Ellen.

"Pleasant enough, only not so innocent on a Sunday as on a week-day," interposed Mr. Bolter.

"Still, when you consider," said John, "how many poor fellows at that side of London are shut up at their looms from morning to night in close lodgings, you cannot much wonder at their wishing to inflate their lungs with a little fresh air one day in seven—as I could not help thinking this morning while the lark sang over our heads and the thrush and blackbird from the bushes. Every minute my step grew more elastic, I drew up my head, threw forward my chest, and felt twice the man I was at starting!—After walking a considerable way, the road was becoming rather lonely, when sud-

denly a wild-looking gipsy-man sprang out upon us from behind a bush."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ellen.

"He had a small tattered piece of printed paper in his hand; and, holding it close to Mr. Bolter's face, pointed with his finger to a row of large letters, and said, eagerly, 'What are those?'

"'Selling off,' said Mr. Bolter.

"'Thank you, thank you,' said he, gratefully; 'perhaps you will read me the whole line.'

"'Selling off under prime cost.'

"'Thank you, thank you!'" and away he was darting, when Mr. Bolter said, "'May I ask, my good friend, for what purpose you inquired?'

"'Certainly,' said he, looking rather surprised at the kind tone and expression. 'I am trying to learn to read; and, having neither book nor teacher, I sometimes stand beside a finger-post till some one goes by, and then ask them the name of the letters composing one or two short words.\* You cannot think how pleased I was to find I could read "To London."'

"'You must be a spirited, persevering fellow,' cried Mr. Bolter, 'to encounter so many difficulties with so few encouragements. How is it you can get neither book nor teacher?'

"'Ah,' said he, with a half-melancholy smile, 'I am one of a despised race. Who would teach the poor gipsy?'

"'I would!' said Mr. Bolter.

"'Would you?' cried he, joyfully. 'Then give me a lesson at once.'

"'I am pressed for time now,' said Mr. Bolter, 'for I want to reach a given place by a certain time; but come, walk along with us a little way, and we can talk as we go.'

"The gipsy cheerfully complied.

"'Is there any particular book you want to read,' continued Mr. Bolter, 'that makes you so desirous to learn?'

"'Certainly there is,' replied the gipsy.

"'What is it?'

"'Why—it escapes me at this moment, but yet I am told it contains a good deal about my ancestors. It is called—hum!—I shall forget my own name next!'

"'What is your name?'

"'Pharaoh.'

"I confess I started.

"'Pharaoh Smith,' continued the gipsy. (What a come-down!) 'I'm descended from King Pharaoh.'

"'There were many kings called Pharaoh, my good friend.'

"'Well, I'm descended from one of them—perhaps from all. That makes me so anxious to read the book, because I think I may find in it something to my advantage.'

"'That you are pretty sure to do if the book be what I think—the Bible!'

" 'That's the very name!' cried Pharaoh, with delight. 'Oh, *do* teach me to read it! I'll shoe your horse, if you have one, for nothing.'

" 'Without shoeing my horse (which I have not), you shall learn of me to read if we can but fix on time and place suitable for us both; but, if I give you a reading-lesson at all to-day, it must be a very short one. Come with us, however, where we are going—to a certain spot in the forest where I shall hold a meeting for all who like to come and read some of the very book you want to read so much yourself. Will you?'

" 'Thankfully!' replied the gipsy; and, as we walked onward, Mr. Bolter began to teach him the names of the letters of the alphabet by rote, in their regular order. Presently we came up to a small river or brook, beside which a man and boy were fishing. 'I must speak to this couple,' said Mr. Bolter, quietly. 'Go you forward together, and continue the alphabet, and I will join you in a few minutes.' We did so, and, therefore, of course I cannot tell you what passed."

"But *I* can," interposed Mr. Bolter, who for some time had felt inclined to chime in. "I offered the man a tract, and observed, I was sorry to see him fishing on a Sunday. He replied, he was confined to a close workshop all the week, and thought there could be no harm in getting a little fresh air on that day. I observed, there was no harm in fresh air, but a great deal of good, and the same might be said of fishing, with limitations. Some of Jesus Christ's disciples were fishermen, but they did not pursue their calling on the Sabbath. He replied, he did not believe in Jesus Christ. 'Ah,' said I, 'we none of us can believe that of which we know nothing; and perhaps you know little enough of *Him*.' 'I have read the New Testament,' replied he, carelessly. 'And remember that passage, doubtless,' said I, 'where He called his disciples away from their fishing, saying, He would make them fishers of *men*. And yet, in the lawful pursuit of their calling, He twice vouchsafed them a miraculous draught, insomuch that their net brake.'

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," said he, with some impatience.

"Know, and yet do not believe," said I. "How comes that?"

He was silent.

"Come," said I, putting my Testament into his hand, open at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, "tell me how do you understand that?"

He looked annoyed, but took it in his hand, and soon returned it to me. "I confess," said he, "I cannot understand it at all."

"Ah, my friend," said I, "I expected to find it so; and why? It is written, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' It is plain, therefore, that the reason this book is foolishness to you, is because you are as yet only what the Scriptures call a natural man, however clever, as a natural man, you may be."

"And, pray, what are *you*?" said he, with an air of pique.

"A fisher for *souls*," replied I, quickly, "and therefore in the

lawful pursuit of my calling, even on the Sabbath, when fishing for you!"

"Ah! I shan't bite, though," said he, playing with his rod.

"Many a fish thinks that before he's caught," replied I, cheerfully. "Come, put up your tackle and come along with me.—I'll show you better sport than that."

"Where?" said he, irresolutely.

"Where I fish for souls."

"Well—if I do, it will only be for a bit of a lark—"

"For a lark or no lark, come along."

"Let's go, father," says the boy.

"Come along, then," said he, briskly collecting his things together, "the fish won't bite *here*, at any rate, to-day, and we may as well have sport of one kind or other."

"And I've a pleasant companion to introduce you to, a little in advance," said I.

"Oh, well, all the better," said he, his good-humour rapidly rising, "I like a good companion any day of the week."

"Much obliged for the compliment," said John, laughing. "I'm afraid it was only a bait for a silly fish. However, I won't take the word out of your mouth."

"Now, you go on."

"No, you."

"No, I'm tired—I like to hear you."

"Well, Ellen, when I saw our friend coming along with two more disciples at his heels, I began to wonder whether he would have *twelve* before our walk was ended—he was evidently at our Lord's own work. As soon as we joined forces, we all fell into easy talk about the weather, the country, the late harvest, the forest, the comparative amount of inclosed and uninclosed land, which brought us all familiarly together, and which Bolter knew how to make interesting and entertaining to all. The gipsy and little boy were the only silent ones, but they listened attentively, and gave us a bright glance now and then, the one with his black, the other with his blue eyes. Presently, something being said about the birds singing all about us, the gipsy found a subject on which he really had a great deal to say that was curious. Just in the midst of it all, as we were passing, almost without noticing, a straggling row of shabby houses with a public-house in the midst, and a crowd of idle fellows hanging about it till the door should open, Bolter said, "Go forward, all of you, till I join you—or, stay, you can help me, if you will—let us give each of these people a tract—" and, before another word could be uttered, we all to our surprise found a handful of tracts stuffed into our hands, and ourselves distributing them in silence, while our chief addressed a few words to each—words so appropriate, Ellen, that I thought 'if I could speak like that, I'd become a missionary this minute!'"

"It would come to you quite naturally," said Mr. Bolter. "Our Lord's standing orders are the same 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever'—'Take no thought what ye shall say, neither premeditate, for it shall be given you—'"

"Well, then, it was a promise fulfilled," said John, "for it certainly was given *you*. The little boy, as we walked away, said, artlessly—

"That was a jolly lark, wasn't it, father?"

"Jolly!" replied he, hardly knowing whether to look pleased or not; but the next instant I saw the boy's hand locked in his.

"To think of *my* being a tract-distributor!" said he.

"Ay, 'tis you educated fellows that are hardest to win," said Bolter, cheerily; "Just as it was with St. Paul—how he *did* hale about the poor Christians, to be sure, before he came to a better mind!"

"I could see at a glance that the assumption of his being an educated man, pleased our companion.

"Anybody can disbelieve," pursued Mr. Bolter. "It is only the well-informed that can believe, and give a *reason* for the hope that is in them."

"That never struck me," observed the other.

"Here now," pursued Mr. Bolter, "is an ignorant poor fellow, who would willingly believe if he could, but does not know how—he does not know how to read, and therefore of course cannot read the Bible, though it is the book he wishes to master above all others, because he expects to find in it something about his own particular friends and relations."

"Our companion looked askance, first at Bolton and then at the gipsy, as much as to say, 'what *can* you mean?' and I confess I thought he was on dangerous ground, especially with the gipsy, but a glance at him reassured me.

"This good man," pursued Bolter, "is of Egyptian descent, nay, he has been led to suppose, even of royal extraction. Now, I need not tell a man of your reading that there is a great deal about Egypt and the Egyptians in the Bible. It gives us the very earliest notices of them that we have,—it tells us of the nature of the country—flat, scorchingly hot, destitute of rain, and liable to be parched and absolutely uninhabitable, were it not watered by a most wonderful river, the Nile or *Nahal*, which signifies *black*—"

"Just so!" ejaculated Pharaoh, drawing closer to him.

"You see—" said Mr. Bolter to the other, with a significant look. "He corroborates the truth of the Bible, though he can't read a word of it."

"Go on, sir, please!" cried Pharaoh, "go on about my country!"

"This wonderful river," continued Mr. Bolter, "overflows its banks at stated seasons, and waters the ground so thoroughly that the Egyptians, who in early times seem to have had more wisdom, as regards this world, than any other people upon earth, knew how to turn this superfluity of water to the best account, by digging innumerable little channels through their fields, which received the overflow and supplied the want of other moisture. Hence a country naturally sandy, became clad in herbage of the most vivid green, and abundantly brought forth juicy luscious fruits and vegetables, cucumbers, gourds, melons that melted in the mouth, and were called *abdelerin*, or 'slave of sweetness.' But mark what

befel ; the Egyptians, not content with being grateful for their noble river, began to be grateful to it, and at length to worship it as a god ! Just as if we were to worship the river Thames !

" In this way he went on, and you may imagine, Ellen, our interest in hearing him. We were interrupted by coming up with a man with a gun, going out to shoot small birds. Of course Mr. Bolter had a parley with him, and he, too, was persuaded to join him. I cannot tell you how time passed, nor what distance we went, we ' took no note of time,' but presently we saw people coming out of a neat church—we stopped and counted how many, only nineteen ! And there had been twenty waiting at the public-house. ' I wonder, sir,' said our friend with the fishing-rod, ' that you were not in church this morning. '

" ' My dear man,' cried Mr. Bolter, affectionately, ' I should have liked it of all things, but I would gladly be away from it one Sunday, ay, twenty Sundays, to save you ! '

" Ellen ! the man was overcome ! he was on the very brink of bursting into tears, but did not, which I was glad of, especially before his little boy, because it would have humbled him too much. He wrung Mr. Bolter's hand. ' Oh, sir,' says he, ' oh, sir ! You've subdued me ! You've nearly unmanned me ! What a man you must be ! Sure nobody can withstand you.' Mr. Bolter responded warmly, and then resumed a more equable tone, though all of us were more or less affected. At length we reached the spot, an open space near a country public-house, where crowds of pleasure-seekers were assembled. Mr. Bolter then briefly told us his plans, and arranged with us to keep near him and form a nucleus, as it were, for a congregation, while he commenced an open-air service. He intended to hold three or four in the course of the day, but settled to meet Pharaoh beneath a certain old oak at a certain time before dark, to give him a reading-lesson. He did not keep his appointment, however, for the service was prolonged rather more than he was aware of, and at its conclusion, a portly man-servant in rich but plain livery, came to him with a message, and detained him so long, that when we reached the oak, it was nearly dark, and Pharaoh was not there."

" What a pity ! " said Ellen.

There was yet much to tell and talk over ; and the evening concluded, like the previous one, with fervent family prayer.

## CHAPTER V.

### COUNTRY QUARTERS.

As Ellen proceeded to Mrs. Meeke's the next morning, she thought of Margaret ; and, remembering that Mrs. Meeke contemplated the purchase of a new carpet, she considered whether she might with propriety induce her to let Margaret make it, after stating what she knew of her story. All this was driven completely out of her

head, however, by the news that awaited her at "the Square." Mrs. Meeke came to her with a face of woe, to tell her that the two youngest of her children, who had seemed so poorly on Saturday, now proved to have the scarlet fever—a disease she particularly dreaded, having lost a fine little girl by it already. It was, therefore, her great object to remove the three others immediately from the danger of infection; and as Mr. Meeke's elder brother, a much richer man than himself, was at present on the Continent, and had left his country house at their disposal for the next month, she wished to send them thither immediately. Unfortunately she had no one to whom to entrust them—her own sisters were in Scotland. Would Miss Miller undertake the charge?

Ellen said she would most gladly do so, but for her brother and the shop; however, she would hasten back and consult him. Betsy Brick would perhaps attend to the shop in his absence, and Mrs. Fuller, her aunt, would see that he wanted for nothing.

Mrs. Meeke begged her to make all the haste she could, as the fly was already sent for: the distance to Tranquil Vale was but thirty miles, and though they could go quicker by rail, a fly would be safer, and time was no object. The old woman who was left in charge of Tranquil Vale had been desired to expect them at any time, therefore they would not take her by surprise.

Tranquil Vale! there was a charm in the very sound. Ellen had always heard much of the beauty of Kent in general, and of Tranquil Vale in particular; therefore, as she hurried off to John, she thought less of being about to do a very kind thing than a very pleasant one.

John, who was always very grateful to Mrs. Meeke for her kindness to his sister, was sincerely glad Ellen could show her any kindness in return. He hoped she would enjoy herself very much; there was a full fortnight of October yet, and he expected she would live on the fat of the land, and ramble about the country with the children from morning till dusk, and write him the nicest of letters, and come home as fresh as a rose. As for Mr. Bolter and himself—oh, they should have jolly bachelor doings in her absence, he promised her!

Ellen, well satisfied with his concurrence, next sought out her neighbour, Mrs. Fuller. Quiet Mr. Fuller was, as usual, peering over his watchmending in the little shop; he looked up, nodded, smiled, and told her she would find his "good lady" within. Now Mrs. Fuller, though a stirring woman, was likewise a kind one, very partial to Ellen, and capable, as she often said, of doing twice the work of her own little house. Therefore, when this opportunity offered of doing the work of two little houses, she did not feign reluctance, but closed with the offer at once; and when Ellen expressed regret at giving so much trouble, she said, heartily, "My dear Miss Miller, don't name it; nothing is a trouble that we can do for you! I will attend to your brother and your lodger as carefully as you could do yourself; and, in their absence, Betsy shall look after the shop."

So, what could Ellen do but express her grateful thanks, and leave her love for Betsy, who was out, and then hasten to pack up her things for the country? To one who so seldom left home, it was a pity that so much pleasure must be packed and squeezed, like her clothes, into so small a space. Had she known of it a month beforehand, the very anticipation would have delighted her all the month. However, it is no good, when we have one apple-pie given us, to regret that it is not two: the thing was very delightful as it was; there was no drawback but the illness of the two children, and she hoped and had very little doubt they would do well.

Having finished her packing, therefore, and found a man to carry her box, she hastened back to Adelaide Square, where the fly was already being loaded at Mrs. Meeke's door, and the children in the hall, ready to get in. Mrs. Meeke was very glad to see her, put some money in her hand, hasty farewells took place, and away they went. With three very lively little girls for her companions, and an entirely new road to travel, it was no wonder that Ellen did not think of Margaret.

The tall poles still stood in the hop-fields though the hop-picking was over. Every fresh turn of the road brought something beautiful, picturesque, or interesting in sight; country inns, country villages, country churches, country-seats, country lanes, country commons and heaths, sprinkled with geese and goslings, donkeys, rough ponies, cattle, and now and then a gipsy-tent, called forth continual emotions of pleasure in Ellen, who endeavoured to convey the same impressions to her young companions. Ellen's mother had been the daughter of an artist, who had imparted some taste for the beautiful in nature and art to his children; hence her eye was not wholly unaccustomed to look out for happy effects and good groupings; and if this often gave a passing interest in the ordinary, unpoetical things around her, how rapturous was it to look around where nothing met the eye but sights of bliss and beauty! The children were in high spirits, and willing enough to be amused at anything or nothing, but by far the greatest treats of the day to them were the cold dinner eaten in the fly and their passing through a country fair with plenty of gay booths and gingerbread-stalls.

The sun was gloriously setting when they turned off into a by-road with steep banks and high hedges, which brought them, first to a turnpike, then to a straggling little village and village church; then to a sudden break in the hedge and bank, which disclosed, at about two hundred paces from the road, overlooking a smooth-shaven lawn, an antique little Elizabethan mansion with

“Three ancient peaks, that nodded o'er  
An ancient porch, which nodded more.”

“Tranquil Vale!” shouted the children: and truly it deserved its name. The lawn was only edged by a stone coping, and divided from the road by a sunk fence, which any one with a run and leap might easily have cleared. Two or three white and red cows were chewing the cud in the shade, a peacock stood on the parapet, and

a wreath of thin blue smoke was rising from one of the old spiral chimney-stacks against the dark background of a rookery.

Ellen thought the place looked a perfect Paradise. The driver got down to open a swing-gate, and then drove up to the house. A large dog began to bark, and an old woman, the neatest of the neat, came to the door, shading her eyes from the setting sunlight, which glittered on every diamond-shaped window-pane. She came out smiling and curtseying.

"All's ready, miss," said she; "bless the little dears! Master told me to expect them at any time. The beds are aired, and I've plenty of bread and butter in the house, for I've always been looking out for a charrot-full o' children!"

It was very pleasant to be so heartily welcomed. Ellen paid the man, after seeing the luggage taken out; and then entered the house all smiles. The children were already scampering round the quaint flower-beds, gay as a patchwork counterpane, with the great Newfoundland dog, Neptune.

The coloured glass in the hall-windows made the hall rather dark. It was of stone, with a Turkey carpet in the middle. There were old oak chairs, an old oaken table, a barometer, a curious clock, and a large dark mahogany chest or coffer, bright as glass, and lined with faded green baize, that would have held all Mrs. Meeke's children, and left room to spare. It reminded Ellen of the old story of the bride who played at hide and seek on her wedding-day, and shut herself up in an old oak chest, which she was unable to open again, because she did not know the secret of the spring lock.

"I were lonesome, biding here all day by myself," said Mrs. Quain, "though I had Kitty to sleep with me! so I'm glad you're come."

Kitty was a girl of fourteen, with cheeks as round, hard, and glazy as apples, and eyes as black as sloes.

Mrs. Quain showed Ellen into the drawing-room, which had a tall, wide lattice-window at each end, and looked very snug, though there were no lady's nick-nacks to be seen, nor yet a piano —old Mr. Meeke being a bachelor. The dining room was oak-panelled, low, dark, and snug also. The staircase had two or three landings and very shallow oaken stairs, carpetted with red drugget. The bed-rooms were small, but pretty, with chintz furniture lined with green, blue, and yellow. Mrs. Quain shook out her master's warm dressing-gown, folded it up, and put it away.

"That gave me a precious fright one night," said she to Ellen. "I'd hung it out to air (for we're bothered with moths), and, coming up at dusk to turn down the bed, took it for a man! It gave me quite a turn; for we've had some very bad robberies in these parts."

"I think the less you say of them in the children's hearing the better," said Ellen.

Mrs. Quain gave a knowing look, as much as to say "Trust me for that," and hurried off to bring up more packages. When that was done she left Ellen to unpack, and went off to get tea and boil

a liberal supply of eggs. As neither hunger nor the means of appeasing it were wanting, the meal was a very hearty one, seasoned with abundance of harmless mirth; and the children being very tired were glad to go early to bed.

Ellen lingered on the same floor till they were fast asleep, and then went down stairs to look about her, examine the books, enjoy a good lounge in an easy chair, and feel a luxurious sense of novelty tinctured by the slightest touch of awe. This apprehensiveness was not diminished when Mrs. Quain brought in her supper, and lingered to tell her all the horrible stories she had conscientiously bottled up before the children.

"You will frighten me so," said Ellen at last, "that I shall not be able to sleep a wink."

So then Mrs. Quain begged pardon, and said she had not thought of that, and she hoped nothing of the kind might happen now, for that she looked very carefully after all the fastenings.

Ellen hoped she did; and began to feel that even a paradise may be spoilt to us if we live in apprehension of thieves.

She went to bed, timid as a hare, and thought she should not sleep; however, fatigue brought its own remedy, and she did not even dream. When the bright morning sun streamed into her room she laughed at her midnight terrors, and rose, fresh and cheerful, while the children in the adjoining room were waging a mock fight with their pillows.

These active young spirits kept Ellen pretty much on the *qui vive* from six in the morning to eight in the evening; so that it was quite a refreshment to her to leave them asleep and quietly return to the parlour, to dip into some old book, or indulge in reverie. Though her days were fatiguing, however, they were highly enjoyable. She was of a sociable turn, and fond of the companionship of children; and she took them long scrambling walks, and helped them to hunt for blackberries, nuts, and wild flowers. They soon found out she was a capital story-teller; and they would cluster round her, begging her to tell of Whittington, or Prince Arthur, or Goody Two-shoes, or the aforesigned spring-lock, till they scampered off to chase a rabbit or squirrel.

Two books were especially amusing to Ellen during her solitary evenings—Defoe's "History of the Plague," and the "Life of Thomas Ellwood the Quaker." They were thin folio volumes, printed in large type, with a plentiful sprinkling of capital letters, which pleased her eye, and often, she thought, gave force to the meaning. She was deeply impressed by the account of the way in which the plague at first broke out in London, and at length desolated the city; and she delighted in the adventures of the three poor men—the soldier, the sailor, and the joiner, who made themselves a little tent, got a small horse to carry their luggage, and resolved to live in Epping Forest till the pestilence ceased: how they "went away east, through Ratcliffe Highway, as far as Ratcliffe Cross, leaving Stepney Church still on their left hand;" how the watchman placed on Bow Bridge would have questioned them, and

how they got out of his way : how they journeyed on till they got into the great north road on the top of Stamford Hill : how they then felt weary, and resolved to encamp and set up their tent for the first night ; which they did, against the back of a barn, having first ascertained that the barn had no one in it : how, while two went to sleep, the third, being a military man, resolved to keep sentry and guard his companions : how he gravely paced to and fro, shouldering his gun, till he heard a sound of many people approaching, whom, when they got quite close, he startled by crying " Who goes there ? " On which one of them said to the others in a melancholy voice, " Alas, alas ! we are disappointed : here are some people before us, and the barn is taken up ! " Then it went on to relate how that, after much parleying, it proved that the newcomers were a large party of harmless people, well-provisioned, who had reckoned on this barn for shelter ; in consequence of which the three comrades gave it up to them on the morrow and started for Epping Forest. They then began to find their horse rather more plague than profit, because it was needful to keep on some kind of an open track, and they could not hastily slip him out of sight when they saw any one coming. Being warned off Walthamstow by constables and watchmen, they began to fear they should be starved, and, finding an exaggerated report of their numbers had got about, John the soldier resolved to take advantage of it, and obtain by stratagem what he could not have done by force.

Towards dark, therefore, having artfully disposed his companions among the trees, and lighted several fires, he himself patrolled the edge of the wood, shouldering his musket, in full sight, and presently was accosted, as he hoped to be, by a terrified constable who kept at a safe distance. John the soldier had no scruple in leading him to suppose that a considerable body of desperate men were lurking in the wood who were nearly perishing with hunger, and if not supplied with food would certainly burst into the town during the night and help themselves. Consequence was, the Walthamstow folk sent the wily old rogue twenty loaves and three or four large pieces of beef, and thanked them for being contented.

There was a good deal more about these men, and the various adventures they had in the forest. The book enthralled Ellen for several nights, and when she went to bed it was to dream of a merry camp-life in

"The good green wood,  
Where mavis and merle are singing."

Then she attacked the " Life of Thomas Ellwood," whose father, a country justice, kept his coach, his hunters, his greyhounds, and lived in an old house hung with armour, pictures, and coats of arms, though he appears to have been not much richer than Don Quixote, and only kept a man and a maid.

Sweet Guli Springett seemed to give a hawthorn-perfume to the book. First, there was Little Tom, riding with her in her child's

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AS  
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WITH  
HUNG  
CHES  
A  
PASSI

coach, drawn by a man-servant, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Afterwards, Tom, when a young man of twenty, took a fifteen-mile ride with his father to call on Guli's mother, Lady Springett, who, meanwhile, had married a rigid Quaker, Isaac Pennington. While the old lady and gentleman are conversing, Tom finds his way into the garden, where he meets Guli, attended by her maid. Young as she was, he found her so stiff-starched that there was no getting on with her; and, as he and his father rode home, they agreed that their old friends were changed for the worse.

Tom, however, was smitten, and soon found his way back to Lady Springett's, where he soon received Quaker impressions, and began to make a conscience of withholding titles of respect from his friends, and keeping his head covered in his father's presence. This greatly displeasing the old gentleman, he made it *his* point of conscience to pluck Tom's hat off his head and throw it out of window, and then drive him to his own room, buffetting him by the way, and now and then "giving his ear a good whirret."

Having lost all his hats, and also his cap, one of the hats was restored by the relenting, though hot-tempered father, at the entreaty of Lady Springett, in order that he might pay her a visit of some little duration; that is, "from the time called Easter to the time called Whitsuntide." Tom returned home more of a Quaker than ever, of course; and on his sitting down to table in his hat, his father coolly observed, "Tom, if you can't dine without your *hive* upon your head, you had better dine somewhere else."

His ensuing course is both highly diverting and interesting. His father kept him almost in captivity. At length one day he took to his heels, his father after him; but the old justice, being scant of breath, was soon distanced, and pausing to recover himself, muttered "Nay, an' he *will* take so much pains to go, let him go if he *will*."

Thenceforth, Ellwood followed his own devices, which often led him into difficulties. At one time he was secretary to Milton.

All this to read did Ellen seriously incline.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### GREY NUNS.

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On the Monday which saw Ellen conveyed to Tranquil Vale, Mr. Bolter started early for the scene of the preceding day's adventures. As time was an object, he took an omnibus, which carried him some miles out of London. He then turned into a well-kept bye-road, skirted, to the right, by an old gray park-paling, enamelled with varieties of minute green and gold-coloured mosses, and overhung by noble trees that occasionally shed an acorn or horse-chestnut at his feet.

A little way up he reached a pretty rose-covered lodge, and, passing through the swing-gate, he proceeded up a carriage-drive to

a fine stone-built mansion, with all due adjuncts of coach-houses, stables, conservatory, forcing-houses, aviary, and fish-ponds. Several varieties of rare water-fowl disported themselves on the latter; partridges, gold and silver pheasants, plovers, and peewits, fed on the grass; tame hares darted across the lawn; and even a fox, sly fellow, seemed dozing in his kennel, though whether he were shamming was past the wit of man to determine.

This place as completely captivated Mr. Bolter's fancy as the humbler beauties of Tranquil Vale delighted Ellen. He murmured to himself,

" Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven—"

and lightly ran up the portico-steps, and rang the deep-toned house-bell. The rosy-cheeked footman who had accosted him the previous day, answered the summons, and, with a silent smile, ushered him at once into a lofty, spacious, cheerful morning room.

All the furniture of this room, except the fine net under-curtains, was drab of various shades, "each under each," matching each other like Duke Theseus' hunting-dogs. There were no pictures on the walls, but plenty of brilliant flowers arranged about the room, together with gay foreign birds and beetles, brilliant shells and sparkling minerals, under glass cases. The principal table was covered with beautifully-bound books; circling round a thick quarto Bible. There were gold and silver fish darting within a glass globe; there was a cockatoo on a perch, and a Persian cat on a cushion. The view of lawn and garden from the window, closed in by the forest, was charming.

Here Mr. Bolter was joined by a fair and fresh-looking lady, between thirty and forty, dressed in silver-gray silk, and

" With sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
Over her decent shoulders drawn."

Very little of her white throat was to be seen; but an artist might have been proud to model the arm and hand of this lady. Her fair, smooth-parted hair, little concealed by a transparent cap, shaded a brow that betokened intellect as much as her mouth indicated sweetness; her complexion was what Sir Joshua Reynolds would have described, when he advised his pupils to "think of a pearl and a peach," and her calm, placid, holy aspect reminded one of the lovely lady in *Comus*.

"I fear," said she, in a peculiarly sweet voice, "that thou hast studied my convenience at the expense of thine own."

"By no means, madam," said Mr. Bolter, "my wish is to pass all the remainder of the day in the forest."

"This is not thy district, however," said the lady. ("Let us be seated.")

"No, I am only on temporary duty here during the illness of a brother missionary," said Mr. Bolter. "He is better, however, and,

in a few days, I shall commence work in Hopkinsville—the far less inviting district to which I am appointed."

"I want to hear all about Hopkinsville," said she, drawing her writing-case towards her. "Give me minute details."

So then he told her all he had already told the Millers, and a great deal more. She set it all down, and now and then looked up at him with intense interest, and gave one or two sighs.

"This is sad," said she at last. "Something must be done. What is the first and greatest want?"

"Men," said Mr. Bolter, readily. "The right men for the right places."

"Ah, thou art right!" said she, again sighing. "Instead of saying with Jeremiah, 'O that mine eyes were rivers of water,' I am ready to exclaim, 'O that I were twenty home-missionaries!'"

"You would not supply the demand, madam," said Mr. Bolter.

"And therefore," said she, "I will abstain from wishing. It is better to pray than to wish. Let us unite in prayer."

And, instead of waiting for Mr. Bolter to take the initiative, she herself, after a short pause, poured forth a stream of prayer so fervent, so moving, so imploring, that Mr. Bolter thought he had never heard anything to equal it, and was deeply affected when she proceeded to pray for himself. After another short pause,

"Now," said she, softly, "do thou go on."

He did so; and concluded with feelings strengthened and elevated.

"Ah," said she, "if we oftener agreed as touching a thing we should ask, *and asked it*, it would oftener be accorded."

"That's what *I* say," rejoined Mr. Bolter, "or, rather, it is what our blessed Lord has said, which is more to the purpose."

Mrs. Truebury having rung the bell, a man-servant entered with chocolate and rusks, served on silver. The refreshment was very acceptable to Mr. Bolter, who was set at his ease by her partaking of it with him.

"Yes," resumed she, "men are the chief want, and the wonder is they don't come forward. They will go on a forlorn-hope to the North Pole, or penetrate Central Africa, for purposes of science and commerce, nay, they will try to force Christianity into regions that as yet are really impenetrable—while they leave a fearful amount of undone work at home. A few converted at Jerusalem is made much of—are there no Jews in Mary Axe? An enthusiastic young lady gets our government into trouble by distributing the Scriptures in Italy, against the law of the country: are there no Roman Catholics in Seven Dials? A brave, romantic man attempts to convert the gipsies in Spain: are there none in Epping Forest? Truly, they may say to us, as my little boy did to his nurse, when she attempted to cut his meat, 'Interfere with thine own plate!'"

Mr. Bolter could not help laughing.

"Ah," continued she, "for the man who aims to be, rather than appear to be a hero, there is plenty of work at home. As one of your own writers has said, 'It is true that, for the Golden Valley,

he may have the Commercial Road; he may have streets for villages, courts for hamlets, the pool for his nearest lake, the sewer for his rivulet, and the scum of all the earth for his disciples; but such were the very scenes in which the apostle of the Gentiles fought with beasts and bearded the lion in his den. In the eyes of heaven, smoke-stained walls are as bright as leafy groves, the dusty street as the flowery mead, and the artisan's wan child as the blooming village maiden.' ''\*

"True, quite true," said Mr. Bolter, "and therefore I would not, if I could, exchange the fetid lanes of Hopkinsville for the glades of Hainault and Epping, though I shall be glad when my seasoning is over."

"I shall make special prayer for thee," said she, simply. And then, after ruminating a little over her notes, she said,

"Though rather deeply engaged already, I and a few Christian sisters, like-minded with myself, will aid thee to the best of our ability and judgment. We will engage at once a large empty room, for schooling, whether morning or evening, first-day or any other day, and for exposition and prayer-service."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, madam!"

"I will also obtain a grant of school-books, Testaments, and slates—"

"Oh, thank you!"

"And forms, and a long writing-table. Those I will *myself* supply, and also a washing apparatus, a few pounds of soap, and a few yards of coarse towelling."

"Delightful! Oh, thank—"

"Dost thee not think a lending library might be started?"

"If we had any books, and if any of the people can read."

"They will soon learn when there is a temptation. This is all I can undertake for the present."

"All! you have set me afloat."

"May God prosper thy undertaking! Don't *sleep* in that horrible place."

"No; it will be my interest as well as comfort to remain where I am. Pure air at night must repair the effect of foul air by day."

"Dost thou feel it affect thee much?"

"At present. On Saturday I returned to my lodgings so excessively depressed by it that I was quite ashamed afterwards that the kind persons I lodge with should have seen me so low. Yesterday, in the forest, I was as strong as a lion."

"Well, I will now speak of the matter for which I sent to thee. There are many gipsies hereabouts, and my husband is not very fond of my visiting them—he thinks them more in thy way than mine. The day before yesterday a gipsy-woman applied to me for relief for another woman who was ill in the forest. I gave her temporal relief, and talked to her a little, but made very little impression. There was something very repelling to me in her 'dear

\* "Times," Nov. 20.

lady,' 'beautiful lady,' and so forth, by which she meant to propitiate me, but which had quite the contrary effect. She did not seem to have the faintest idea of religion. Wilt thou seek out the encampment of these people, and try to find out what is their state, what aid they require, and whether there be any opening for good?"

Mr. Bolter readily accepted the commission, and Mrs. Truebury, saying she would show him the nearest way to the forest through her own grounds, took a parasol, and led the way through a window opening on the lawn.

The weather, the walk, and the companion were charming. As they went, Mr. Bolter related to her his singular meeting with Pharaoh, to which she listened with much interest, and they had a good deal of desultory talk on the outcast race to which he belonged.

At length they parted at a little wicket-gate, which she locked after him; and she remained watching him till he disappeared among the trees. Then she turned homewards, and was presently greeted by a lovely little boy who came running from the house. Grey Nuns was its name; it probably stood on the site of some old conventional dwelling, though not a vestige of it remained.

Mr. Bolter walked on in a most cheerful, happy frame, and thought how delightful it was to see wealth, intellect, and goodness so combined as in the instance before him. He had had an education superior to that which his present position seemed to demand, and could keenly relish refinement and intelligence though he voluntarily laboured among those who possessed neither.

A few scattered leaves of a book lying among the fern and brambles induced him to pick them up and examine the nature of their contents. They were dirty and tattered, but as soon as he caught a glimpse of the words "Forest of Arden" he smiled and read on as he walked, the birds singing over his head, and the rabbits running right and left.

And he read how an elder brother turned a younger brother out of doors, and called his venerable old steward, old dog. And how the younger brother of a reigning duke plotted against his elder brother, and chased him from his dominions, and reigned in his stead; and how many good men and true followed the banished duke into the forest of Arden, where they lived as merrily and a good deal more honestly than Robin Hood and his foresters bold. And how young Orlando found his way to them, and also the good duke's daughter Rosalind, and the wicked duke's daughter Celia, who dearly loved her cousin; and how they dwelt in a little sheepcote buried in olive-trees on the skirts of the forest. How that...

Here ensued a gap of sundry pages, much to Mr. Bolter's regret. Next he came to a song, which, amid his immediate surroundings, seemed charming—

"Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to live with me,

And tune his merry throat  
Unto the sweet bird's note.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather."

Oh, world, thy slippery turns ! Orlando's cruel elder brother Oliver, thinking that to be sure he shall find countenance and acceptance with the banished duke's younger brother Frederick, finds himself, to his dismay, called to account for Orlando's disappearance, and threatened with confiscation and exile unless he brings him to light, alive or dead, within a twelvemonth. All this, and how Oliver found his way into the forest, and there wandered about in most wretched guise till almost starved and brought very low in body and mind, Mr. Bolter had not the means of reading. He found him coming up to Rosalind and Celia in a forest-glade, and showing them a blood-stained handkerchief, telling them he had been charged to account to them for Orlando's being unable to keep an engagement he had made with them, by a relation of facts. Orlando, he said, was straying along, in melancholy thought, when he perceived a wretched, ragged man, sleeping under an oak, just on the point of being stung by a large snake that had wound itself round his neck. Just as he thought it was all over with the poor man, the snake suddenly glided away, and Orlando then saw it had been scared by a lioness crouched under the bushes awaiting to spring on the unhappy sleeper when he awoke—

—————“ for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.”

The brave youth therefore approached the sleeper, and found him to be his elder brother ! whom he had no reason to suppose in pursuit of him except to take his life ! What should he do ? He had nothing to do but to walk away and let things take their course ! Should he ? Could he ? Oh, no ! The voice of his brother's blood would cry to him from the ground ! He would sooner die, if need be, for his brother—

“ Kindness, nobler ever, than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling ”

(says Oliver, bursting into tears of penitence and affection)—

“ From miserable slumber I awoke.”

Imagine the surprise of Rosalind and Celia, who knew his previous character and conduct, but not his person. "What!" say they in amaze, "are *you* his brother? Was it *you* he rescued?" He sobs out an affirmative; and, when a little more composed, tells them that a most tender reconciliation then ensued, and that poor Orlando, being sadly torn in the arm by the lioness, was unable to come to them, and sent them his handkerchief as a token that the bearer was a credible witness.

"Matchless Shakspeare!" thought Mr. Bolter. "This play is too long for modern taste; and I have little doubt that if a playwright wanted to reduce it to suitable dimensions, this charming passage would be curtailed, or altogether left out; and yet, to me, it is one of the noblest things in the drama! What a practical sense Shakspeare had of the beauty, the magnanimity, the imperative duty, of forgiveness! He must have had some notable injuries to forgive in his own life; for this is the writing of a man of experience. A common hand would have made the two brothers draw upon each other in the forest, Oliver die after a few passes, or at any rate limp away with the additional burthen of an odiously affable 'Thou art forgiven—get thee gone for ever;' but Shakspeare could not have slept in his bed if he had made things end so! His spirit of forgiveness so overleaps even its boundaries that it extends to the wicked brother of the duke, and, in spite of the risking the charge of repeating himself, which no one could better have known was not good art, he must make even that hateful man in a way to be good and happy, *in this world and the next*. He represents him coming to the forest with the relentless purpose of hunting down and slaying his brother, when—

—meeting with an old religious man  
After some talk with him he was converted,  
*Both from his enterprise and from the world,*  
His crown resigning to his banished brother,  
And all their lands restoring them again,  
That were with him exiled.

"To the mass of playgoers this sudden and real conversion would appear about one of the most improbable things in the whole play, which would just show that they knew nothing at all about it! Shakspeare knew better: and that man has had little experience of himself, and made very superficial observation on the characters and history of others, who does not feel that, in this incident, he suggests nothing that might not naturally have occurred."

"Shakspeare, with all thy faults I love thee still."

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## VI.

## GOING UP THE YELLOW RIVER.

WE enter the Flowery Land through a gate flanked with tinkling pagodas, and come at once into a region of pig-tailed narrow-eyed men; the willow-patterned plate background is become to us a thing of life. Men in thin silk robes and crimson caps, gilt-knobbed and emeral-blue-eyed, with peacocks' feathers, knock their foreheads before us as we advance with our conquering lance—the pen—to claim the tea country as our own. Strings of illuminated lanterns dangle around our path, batteries of fireworks snap and bang like rejoicing musketry in the sunny air; great painted junks, their decks crowded with pig-tailed brothers, polite according to the great book of etiquette called the '*Rites*,' written by Confucius, ko-tow to us; mandarins of every button from pearl to diamond wave their fans at us in welcome. Why is it that they are so civil to us, the "red-haired foreign devils of the west?" It is because they learn that we are a bachelor of letters—a mandarin of literature loving to disport ourselves in what their poets call "the forest of pencils." This is the bond of sympathy. These people who welcome us are the Chinese literati—freemasons of the same pen-and-ink lodge—brothers of pen and ink: they are going with us up the Yellow River.

Now these people—too good to ban and ower bad to praise, like Rob Roy—are, we know, our very antipodes in customs and manners, but we must bear with them. They wear white at funerals, we black; they play at battledore with their feet, we with our hands; their old men fly kites, and our children; they read from top to bottom, we from right to left; their brides wear colours, ours wear white; we for politeness take our hats off, they keep theirs on; we shake friends by the hand, they shake their fists at them; we begin dinner with soup and end with dessert, they begin with dessert and end with soup; we in duels shoot each other, there each man stabs himself; their surname precedes their Christian name, ours follows it; we blacken our shoes, they white-lead them; we use milk with tea, they leave it out; we launch a vessel edge-ways, they sideways; we mount a horse the left side, they mount at the right; our schoolboys face the master, theirs turn their back on him; we think odd numbers lucky, they think them ominous; we boil our crawfish, they eat them alive:—never mind, I'm going up the Yellow River.

But long before I get into the varnished and highly painted junk, my polite camarados of the Flowery Land beg to assure me that half my English notions about their pagodaed country are false. Because I meet itinerant rat-catchers in the streets I must not suppose that Chinamen, unless starving, eat rats. Starving Irishmen, I blush to think, have in my lifetime, been forced to eat more horrible things than rats, but my Chinaman does not know the Irish language, which indeed has no literature, and so I escape.

What Englishmen take for worms in Chinese soup, are crab and other fish cut into vermicelli shapes. Fish maws and sharks' fins they do eat, and very good they are; and as for the jelly nests of the sea-swallow, they are quite as gelatinously delicious as the belly of the Indian turtle, and are indeed worth twice their own weight in silver. Like many other misstatements about China, these arise from modern travellers going for a few weeks only to a country so immense, ignorant of the language, misunderstanding everything, and going home to mix up wrong notions with old stories of bygone books.

We are warned not to believe the charge of infanticide: even the cramped-foot slander requires modification; nor could I, looking round among my literati, see, except in a few instances, those long finger-nails in silver cases I had heard so much of. Yet I could not help smiling to see the labourer at work in the rice-fields with a fan in his girdle, the schoolmaster rapping with his fan his pupils' knuckles, the officer waving it as he would on the very field of battle itself; then, when I look into a shop and see a master weaver lashing his apprentice with his own pig-tail, I find I am in a new land, take notes of it on my thumb-nail like Hogarth, and am silent. Never mind—I'm going up the Yellow River.

I am led off to my junk, as a great magistrate is led, with coloured trains of lanterns, day fireworks, red and yellow flags, and bands of heralds who run before me with red boards inscribed with my titles. Some cry out, Silence,—Retire,—Clear the way; others beat thunderous gongs strung on knotty bamboos between two of their red-tassel-capped men, the number of strokes indicating my rank. Then came my chair-bearers, rattan-bearers, whip-bearers—you would think I was a giant surveyor, a royal postmaster, by the whips and chains of my retinue. My special palanquin follows lettered with Chinese proverbs. The bearers of my official umbrellas, pipes, card-cases, and fans run by its side; after me follow more bamboo chairs, with my secretaries, scribes, parasites, fly-flappers, and hangers on. What care, beggar on horseback that I am, if my train run over and pound to death some itinerant street druggist, or an open-air pastrycook? Why don't they get out of the way of great people with their noses in the air going up the Yellow River?

I am grieved, and think it proper to turn up the whites of my eyes, when my blue silk-robed friends assure me that there are no public libraries or reading-rooms in China; but they point me out verses of *Confootze*, and stanzas from the "Poetic Garden" of Tse-ma-Konang, wherever we walk, written in all colours—vermillion, cobalt, gamboge—on tea-cups, plates, vases, and fans; on the façades of law courts, on the ledges of pagodas, on the signs of shops, the doors of houses, the walls of corridors, the cornices of parlours—even in the poorest houses. "All China is one immense library," rightly says my friend Father Huc, who knows nearly as much about the celestials, as Albert Smith—whom the Chinese called "the hairy one." I try to convince my literati friends of the peacock's feather caps, that their "braves," their heavy-

booted matchlock men, have not brought them reliable accounts of us English. Our sailors have not legs without joints, they are not stone blind, they have not breeches so tight that if they are thrown on their back they are unable to rise, they are not affected with eternal costiveness, being devoid of the medicinal rhubarb ; frosts do not kill them, they are not amphibious nor compelled to live seven days at sea and seven on shore. At supper, in my new country, I acquit myself wonderfully with the ivory-chopsticks. The "quick lads" throw the rice by spadefuls into my mouth, dry with much talking. I am in the chief mandarin's room, which is hung with red, and stamped with large black-letter sentences from the divine poems of the sweet-mouthed "Whangs." The mandarin's executioners in red wait on us. Crimson, green, purple, and yellow lanterns, gay with rain-dragons and golden-roofed summer-house garden scenes, dangle and shine from the roof. Two officers of the crystal ball are at my side, and being Mantchous talk to each other in a low voice of the blue tents in the dreary wastes of Tartary, of the great Tibet caravan, of the long-haired oxen, and fur-capped herdsmen in the yellow grass plains. My host is a squab man, with a square nose, long shining ears, violet lips, a dirty-white complexion, and a general look of unloveliness,—who talks to us of "going up the Yellow River."

Hichan is in splendid robes, the imperial dragon flaming in gold and silver shines upon his breast, a globe of red coral (the first class) tops his cap ; a perfumed chaplet hangs round his neck. We talk of the Blue and Yellow Rivers. Our entertainment is suddenly interrupted by the judge being required to go out and see a poor fellow, who, for calling us "foreign devil," has been put in the "Cangue;" his shaven head I find thrust through a huge block of wood, which rests with crushing weight on his shoulders. His sentence is written over his head on strips of white paper. I intercede for him and he is forgiven. Now at last for going up the Yellow River.

With many bows and ko-towings, we part from our friendly mandarin, who leads me under a triumphal arch erected to my memory, hung with red silk—a frontage of coloured lanterns, and tinsel flowers. As I pace to my junk I meditate on several learned things which the mandarin told me over our tea ; such as that we Europeans got the word China from the name of the emperor Tsinga, who lived three centuries before Christ. The Malays caught the word, and gave it finally to the Portuguese. Our word silk is the Russian chelk, derived from the Mongol sirk. The wise man also told me that the Chinese called theirs "the Central Empire," from a certain province which is the centre of China. To-morrow, I thought, I shall be chewing these philological kernels, and gliding up the Yellow River.

We go on board our junk with the mat sails. It has a hawk's beak and two helms, so that it can move backwards or forwards without tacking. Its bottom is built in water-tight compartments. It has huge monster eyes painted on the prow. They beat the

*tam tam* to bring the crew together, and to bid farewell to the shore. Our hold is crammed with melons and salt; our two mandarins, Ting and Tang, are down in the cabin with their little lamp and opium pipes built in with a thick white fetid vapour that is balm to them.

Hurrah! the wind springs up and strains the sail. At last we are going up the Yellow River. Now for sea-slugs and such delicacies; now for the hot wine in china cups; now for the coloured paper napkins; now for the fried silkworms and dog hams; now for the solemn bowings, and the groans as signs of repletion; now for long reaches of swampy rice-fields crowned by whitewashed pagodas, temples with gilded roofs, lantern-lit tombs, ice-houses, canals, endless tobacco-fields, flower-covered mountains, maize-plains and sugar-cane patches; now for the country of three hundred millions of people—the old fossil country of the willow pattern; now for long shores with broad-hatted people on it, writing, reading, riding, bowing, but always smoking; now then some rice wine, and a slice of puppy—I am hungry. And now, as loosening my thick-soled satin boots, and my red and yellow sash, I yield myself on the deck of the junk to more serious dreams, I think of the great victories over these three hundred millions that Christianity is yet to make; of the progress of those truths that are hateful to all wickedness, because they cannot breathe or live in the same atmosphere; that have said to slavery, “Do as ye would be done by;” that to tyranny point out the smitten Herod, to Phariseeism the forgiven Magdalen; that preach to the proud the loving Saviour, living with and loving the poorest of the earth; that show to the swollen bishop, the fox’s hole; to the intellectually proud, the black earth that chokes up sooner or later the ambitious greedy mouth.

But the stars fade and wane, it gets cold, I must go below, and to-morrow will perhaps discourse more of going up the Yellow River.

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## VII.

### LONDON TO ARRANMORE.

By midsummer I was sick of London. I had been disappointed in one of my ambitions, and, like a true philosopher, was fretting myself into illness. I had fallen into that painfullest condition of the studious man, when night brings neither shelter nor repose from the tyranny of thought. While the world and all its interests lay quiescent, the brain, like some great wheel, spun wearily on. I held conversations with persons whom I had never met in the waking world: all the dead whom ever I knew came back to me in these visions. I had to suffer over again, all my painful experiences, and so morbid and wretched did I become, that I dreaded slumber, as the slave, whose back is yet smarting with yesterday’s lash, dreads the gong which calls him to labour beneath the over-

seer's eye, and within reach of his formidable whip. Night had become the reality, and day the dream. In this dismal state of things, I found one morning on my breakfast table a note from my old friend John Penruddock—once a college chum, now a substantial farmer and breeder of prize cattle in some remote district in the north of Ireland—urging me to pay him a visit for a week or two. "If I cannot talk about books," wrote the honest fellow, "I can promise you a hearty welcome, a horse and a gun, and a fine country to ride and shoot over; and I dare say, to one with an eye and taste like yours, the neighbourhood will not be found altogether destitute of character—queerly-twisted and knotted specimens of humanity. The days you can spend as you please, in the evenings you can have my society and as much talk as you like, over ancient times and companionships. If this bill of fare is at all acceptable, come as soon as you can. I am sure you will be the better for it. As a further inducement, I may mention that I am happy in a house-keeper, who warms my slippers and nightcap, and remembers me in her prayers every night, and whose apple dumplings are famous for twelve miles round." Here was a way of escape opened up for me; here was promise of experiences fresh and invigorating. Besides, thought I, I shall have solitude alternating with cheerful society, and cannot have a finer opportunity for finishing my great work on the philosophers. I'll write to Penruddock by the next post, telling him that I gladly accept his offer, and shall be with him in twelve days at furthest.

The letter was despatched, and the next evening I took my place in the down train from Euston Square. My destination was Carlisle, for the old ballads were singing in my brain, and it was not till noon of the third day, that I entered Edinburgh for the first time for several years. I was anxious to see the grand old town again, and as the carriage drove across the North Bridge, I glanced out of the window and beheld passengers struggling in the grasp of a whirlwind; gentlemen steadyng themselves with difficulty, or leaning against the blast, ladies endeavouring with both hands to subdue rebellious dresses; while a hat flew past me and disappeared over the parapet into the abyss beneath. Arthur's Seat was still as of old, the cave of Eolus, and the hill of winds! The city was little changed since I saw it last. Precisely the same men seemed to be walking about the streets. The buildings on the mound were yet unfinished, and a house which five years ago I remembered to have seen workmen pulling it down, had workmen still employed on it for that purpose. The stream of time in London, rushes on rapid and cataract to the sea; in Edinburgh it lapses quietly away, with perhaps some poor frame bill of a "reform" afloat upon its surface. But the east wind!—well, well, without it Edinburgh would be too good for this world. It is evidently a thorn in the flesh, lest it should be exalted above measure. In spring the sunshine is faultless as a crocodile's tears. When you look out of the window, the day smiles so blandly, looks so very like summer, that you disdain your dreadnought and sally forth unprotected, go on for a few paces

dreaming perhaps of violets, or lamb and early peas, when at the turning of a corner, with a howl of suppressed delight, down comes the east upon you, bearing in its heart the concentrated bitterness of a thousand winters. The villainous day cuts your throat and smiles in your face all the time, too. It was plain that I had visited Edinburgh at an unpropitious period: the east wind was everywhere, it bore undisputed empire, it penetrated into every nook and cranny with its icy breath—from it there was no escape. I was asked to dinner, the east wind was in the countenance of my host. I went to church, a bitter east wind was blowing in the sermon; the text was that divine one, “God is love,” and the sermon that followed was full of all uncharitableness.

Glasgow, my next stage, is a huge dingy manufactory or workshop, breaking out of smoke towards the west, into squares, crescents, and terraces of almost princely magnificence. For so large and rich a city, it is somewhat deficient in lions. Many of the public buildings are fine, but to produce a proper effect on the spectator, they require a breadth of airy space around them, and that in so populous a community apparently cannot be had. I have never seen uglier statues, I think, than here. The only really fine work of art I could discover is the figure of Sir John Moore. I do not know what the opinion of the citizens may be, but it struck me as very noble and modest; with something even pathetic in its unassuming and heroic sweetness. Of course, to strangers like myself, the college and cathedral are the chief points of interest. It was vacation time, and I spent an hour in the empty courts of the university, and the adjacent grounds. There is something imposing in that broad space of antique silence and meditation, dwelling in the very centre of a city's uproar and strife. When you walk out into the street again, you seem to leave the quiet stateliness of history for the rude and brawling present time. The cathedral stands gray with years, among a thousand graves. The flat tombstones make a pavement all round it, lettered with the names, dates of births and deaths, and other such-like frail memorials of the dead. The remarkable thing about it is the crypt, used in the olden time as a place of worship. It seemed to me that the minister must have preached to the pillars, so numerous are they. It is beneath the ground, has a damp charnel smell, and with its dusty light and thronging pillars looks like a Druid grove of stone. Very strange, very uncomfortable, and very dreary! About the last place one should like to spend a night in, although I believe one would be perfectly undisturbed. It must be an eccentric ghost to haunt such a place. Mark Tapley couldn't be jolly here. See the slime on the walls, the obscene sweat on the stone! Faugh! let me up to the dim day, that I may refresh myself with a mouthful of smoke, for, like Manchester, Glasgow has no air.

What glimpses of Glasgow society I was privileged to obtain at the house of Mr. H—, was on the whole satisfactory. At many a table I have heard a great deal less common sense, and a great deal more about the fine arts. The gentlemen were good-natured,

intelligent, hard-headed fellows, not without a certain flavour of humour or sarcasm, if occasion required. Their education for the most part did not seem complete, rather picked up by fits and starts as they went along, and they indulged occasionally in an undress manner, and a breadth of tone caught from the license of the commercial room. The ladies were their wives and daughters; that is perhaps all that can be said. It was evident, from what I saw and heard, that the almighty dollar was looked upon in Glasgow with quite other feelings than contempt. I remember at dinner the conversation turned on the question whether men were born equally clever. One gentleman affirmed that they were, and that education and circumstance determined whether the infant puking in the nurse's lap should turn out a numskull or a Milton. Backwards and forwards the ball was tossed. "Na, na," quoth a gray withered man who sat opposite, trifling with his port, "Na, na, if men are born equally clever, they wad mak the same quantity o' siller; noo as we see that they *dinna* mak the same quantity o' siller, it follows that they *canna* hae been born equally clever." I could not forbear a smile at this characteristic logic. He had made a fortune in the cheese and bacon line, and the flattering inference was inevitable.

People conversant with Edinburgh and Glasgow have told me that a considerable amount of civil dislike exists between the cities. Edinburgh, seated high up in the cold clear east, looks with scornful eye on her swart and rainy cousin of the west, who under a canopy of smoke keeps thumping away day and night with innumerable hammers, sets a hundred mills in motion till eye and ear are dizzy, and crams cart-loads of coal down the throats of furnaces, compared with which that seven times heated one of Nebuchadnezzar's was but a holiday bonfire. That this should be the case is amusing enough, and yet grave matter of sorrow. They have no cause to be ashamed of each other. Their envy furnishes laughter for the enemy. The touring cockney, in his metropolitan contempt, wonders what they find in each other to hate. Professional Edinburgh, returning from the Parliament House, with white choker and slim umbrella, sniffs disdain on vulgar Glasgow and his showy wife who have come up on a visit. Mercantile Glasgow chuck's his swollen purse in the air and renews his offer to complete the national monument, provided Edinburgh would allow the well-known blazon of tree and fish, bird and bell, to be placed upon it; and further intimates his willingness to buy up the whole city from Newington to Stockbridge. This is pretty much the relation which exists between the cities. The one is proud of its brain and breeding, the other of its wealth. Edinburgh, like Mr. Disraeli, stands on its head. Glasgow, in a spirit of useless bravado, slaps its breeches pockets with ungloved hand. They may well cry "quits." The one produced the "Edinburgh Review," the other created steam navigation. That old Whig gentleman, the Review, now desperately shaking in the knees, totters into the sun regularly every three months, clad in antiquated garments of buff and blue. Steam,

the stripling giant, has made America but as it were a morning's call ; he has in his keeping the foamy pathways of the sea, and will yet bring every outcast tribe into the great family of man. There is something to me very noble in that temper, as of steel, cutting its way through every impediment, which seems ever to have distinguished the natives of Glasgow. Mr. H. told me afterwards that the gray, wizened man who trifled with his port and gave such invincible reasons for his disbelief in the thesis that men were born equally clever, was one of their richest citizens. Yet he started life as a tobacconist boy, slept on stairs, and washed his face at a pump.

The passage to Belfast was disagreeable enough. There was a head wind with a nasty chopping sea, and for a couple of hours we lurched and tumbled about in a manner that would not have disgraced the Atlantic at its wildest. The noise, motion, and closeness of the atmosphere, fragrant the whole time with brandy toddy, of which two commercial gentlemen partook largely before turning in, made sleep impossible ; and when we reached our destination, about four o'clock in the morning, I went on deck, and found it raining heavily. As wretched and comfortless a sight as ever I saw. Every object was obscured by a heavy mist. The lamps looked bleared and miserable through the clammy vapour, and half a dozen damp cars, with drivers in drab great-coats, looking equally raw and damp, were waiting on the quay. One of these I engaged, was conveyed to the nearest hotel, and was speedily in bed, which seemed to heave and roll about in a most unaccountable manner. I awoke about eleven, and, as the rain continued, resolved to proceed at once. In a clammy car, under the care of a clammier driver, I reached the railway station, and after the usual delays, with a snort, a pull, a sharp ear-piercing whistle, we were off. In an hour the rain ceased, the sun shone gaily, and, looking out of the window, there was Ireland visible at last. Without specially striking features ; a soft, undulating country, with slow black watercourses, thickly fringed with willows that whitened in the wind, less mountainous than Scotland, more flowing in outline than England, and greener than either. The stations were numerous ; their strange names and the people that crowded the platforms were full of interest. - Florid, comfortable fellows enough, with hearty tones in their voices, and hospitable faces that warmed one like a fire newly stirred. Somehow I expected to see beggars, traces of misery on the hill side, deserted houses, fields uncultivated and running to waste. In these fears I was disappointed. I never saw a people on whom care sat so lightly, or who bore ampler evidence of good dinners. Still one felt one was neither in England nor Scotland. The members of the constabulary force with sheathed bayonets and dark green uniforms were new ; so also the frankness, unrestrained mirth, and jolly address of the people. At one of the stations a lady asked the guard if her terrier—said terrier confined in a kennel beneath the carriage, and howling in a distressing manner —might be placed in the compartment beside her, at the same time

urging for excuse that she was the sole occupant. "Sartinly, ma'am, sartinly," said the official, with a gallant bow, and in a brogue the richness and rotundity of which were remarkable; "on this loine we never say *no* to a lady!" When I left the train at Ballymarig I immediately became a bone of contention to a number of omnibus drivers, sent by the hotels in the town—situated at the distance of a mile—to pick up passengers. Bewildered by the noise, wild and rapid gesticulations, and unblushing flatteries of these worthies, I helplessly allowed the most brazen of them to take possession of my things, desiring him, at the same time, to have a conveyance ready for me within the hour, as I meant to proceed into the country. The fellow touched his hat, and the bevy of omnibusses drove off, the drivers "chaffing" each other as they went. Lighting a cigar, and picking up a small black bag, the remainder of my luggage, I prepared to follow, when a wild-looking boy came trotting alongside: "Carry yer bag, yer honour? carry yer bag, yer honour?" "No, no; I'll carry it myself." "Has yer honour got such a thing as a ha'penny about yer?" "Get off with you; I haven't got a ha'penny." "I belave ye, sir!" the face lighted up with a malicious smile as he touched his ragged cap and dropped astern. I have heard of the quickness of Irish repartee, thought I, this is a specimen I suppose; I find I am going to be the dull grindstone on which these people will sharpen the knives of their wit.

When I reached the hotel I found a jaunting car with my things strapped on waiting at the door, and a singular figure standing beside it, who touched his hat and announced himself as the driver. "Do you know Mr. Penruddock of Arranmore?" said I. "I do, sir; many's the one o' the quality like yer honour have I driven there." "Very good; start as soon as you can." We mounted, rattled down the crooked streets, and were soon in the open country. The road was flanked by green meadows, through which a slow black stream wandered and coiled itself about in a circuitous manner, as if resolved to take as long a time as possible to reach the sea; the banks, as usual, adorned by rows of pallid willows. Whitewashed farmhouses were plentifully scattered about with pale willows crowding round them. Willows were everywhere; willows seemed the only timber the soil would tolerate, and their abundance gave the whole country a soft and whity-green appearance. We passed through a whitewashed village some miles on, in which I remember seeing a wretched hovel with the device National School painted in splayed and dislocated letters on a board above one of the windows; a huge pile of filth lay in front, and an iron-gray pig, with a white patch over one eye, and wonderfully long legs—looking, by all the world, like a porker on stilts—stood in the doorway. The driver pointed it out to me with the information that "that was the schoolmaster!" Along the road frail country carts came trotting, each containing an ancient native in crushed hat and blue swallow-tailed coat, and a weather-beaten female in clean white head-dress, and wrapped in a dark-coloured cloak. With these and the men by the road-side, also attired in crushed hats and

blue swallow-tailed coats, seated on piles of whinstone, and leisurely chipping at a refractory mass between their dis-spread legs, Jehu held a flying skirmish of words, and not unfrequently had his good-humoured sallies returned with interest. Every one seemed to know him too! Surely never before had man such an extensive circle of acquaintance.

By this time the west began to redden to the afternoon, and the country through which we were passing looked fair in the coloured light. Whitewashed farmhouses, half hidden by stacks and pale willow-trees, were plentifully sprinkled over the undulating hills, and the stretches of low meadow-ground, dotted with haycocks, or purple-gray with clover. Far and wide, the land waved with harvest, large flax-fields skirted the road: some of these gay with a few flowers, calling to mind the heroines of German romance, with tresses yellow as the flax, and eyes blue as its blossoms: in others, bands of reapers were engaged, and to these my guide, placing his hand to his mouth, never failed to send some salutation, and in reply, a short, or a gay sentence or two, came singing back through the elastic air. "Mr. Penruddock lives just down there," quoth he, pointing with his whip to a noble clump of trees, through which was half visible the gleam of a whitewashed bridge. "His house is on the side o' the hill, so we can't see it from here." In a few minutes we rattled across the bridge, and pulled up in the spacious farm-yard beyond, gathering up in one flying glance all the special features and characteristics of the place: the tawny mastiff stretched on the ground, his black muzzle resting drowsily between his extended fore-paws; the dusty mills opposite, a great black wheel on the side of one of them, spinning rapidly in its watery mist; the tree-swung bell to call the servants to labour at dawn, its long rope, knotted at the end, hanging to the ground; half a dozen mighty-uddered kine, from the deep rich pasture, sweetening the whole place with their fragrant breath; a string of geese, the white gander at their head, waddling down a little rising ground with all the absurdly-dignified air of their race; and the long, low, whitewashed, comfortably-thatched dwelling-house standing against the sunset, its front full in shadow, the walls gay with creepers, wreaths of smoke curling indolently from its hospitable chimneys, and high over all, a troop of snowy pigeons wheeling and tumbling in the rosy air.—All this was caught in a moment; for at the sound of wheels the mastiff sprung to his feet and gave forth a deep bay, and the next moment a door opened among the climbed scarlet flowers, and through the little garden John Penruddock himself came running, six feet two, his face red as a sun-burnt pippin as of old. "I didn't expect to see you for an hour yet—but God bless you, old fellow," cried he, crushing my hand in his mighty palm till the water started into my eyes. "Let me unstrap your things for you, and go in. Miss Cargill will have tea ready in a trice. You must be very tired, I'm sure."

"Thanks, thanks; but I have a small bit of business to transact with this gentleman."

I went up to the driver and poured what loose silver I was possessed of into his hand—not much to be sure, after all.

“I wish,” exclaimed that worthy, touching his hat and glancing at the coins at the same time, “that I had the driving of yer honour to Arranmore every day o’ my loife!”

On the delivery of which sentiment, he climbed into his seat, seized the reins, and driving slowly over the whitewashed bridge, disappeared behind the trees.

By this, Penruddock having got my things placed up stairs, led the way into a little parlour and introduced me to Miss Cargill. She was an ancient lady, and wore a gown of black silk, with a kind of white fleecy shawl over her shoulders pinned with a small brooch in front. She looked the very image of neatness and silence. A distant relation of John’s by his mother’s side: she had never married: had kept house for him for many years, and the greatest affection subsisted between them. She had nursed him when a little boy, and in her eyes he was a little boy still. It was amusing to hear her lamentations when John was caught in a shower; her distress when the swarthy giant got his feet wetted in a bog; her anxiety to have his stockings changed, producing at the same time a dry pair warmed at the fire by her own hands. Many a singular condiment was he forced to swallow; of many a basin of gruel have I seen him partake with a wry face enough to prevent imaginary coughs and colds. “I always find it better to have a cough or something of that sort on the premises,” said John to me once; “for the dear old creature would be perfectly miserable if she had no excuse for coddling and spoiling me.” In a short time the tea-table was arranged, at which Miss Cargill presided with much dignity. It was liberally supplied, if the articles were miscellaneous: eggs, ham, cold fowl, the remainder of a roast, honey, and several kinds of jam; to all of which, as my appetite was considerably whetted by my journey, I did ample justice, to the great delight of John and the old lady, the latter having always something new to recommend, and in spite of all protestations and prayers to the contrary, heaping my plate with the same. “How many cups of tea have I had, ma’am?” said John, handing up his empty cup and saucer for a fresh supply.

“Only five, my dear,” said Miss Cargill, with a pleased smile; “seven is your usual number. Shall I ring for more hot water?”

“Well, since you have finished, and as Burdett there seems unwilling to have anything further, I think Matty may take away the things.”

The tea-things were removed, the candles brought in, and Miss Cargill, placing a small basket on the table filled with different coloured wools, was soon busy in the creation of an enormous rose. John threw himself down on a sofa beside me and began talking about his mills, the value of his stock, how much he expected to clear on his crop of turnips, and other cognate matters, when tumblers, glasses, a small brass kettle, and ingredients essential to the manufacture of punch were brought in and placed on the table.

"Sit in, Burdett; you will be the better of something hot after your voyage last night and your long drive to-day. May I have the pleasure of making you a little, ma'am?"

"If you please, John; but don't use so much sugar as you usually do. You are falling into a bad habit of putting too much sugar in your punch. Nothing can be worse for the throat."

"I trust I shall brew, on the present occasion, to your satisfaction," said John, carefully preparing the liquid in a tiny glass. "Do you approve?" asked he, handing it across.

Miss Cargill lifted the glass to her lips, sipped as much as a bee might, and then said, "Thank you, John: it is very nice."

When she had finished her punch, she lit a taper, gathered up her wools, shook hands with me, kissed Penruddock on the forehead, and bade us both good-night! "I need make no excuse for retiring so early. You have a great deal to say to one another, and I feel rather fatigued. I hope, John, you won't keep Mr. Burdett up too late. He has been travelling, you know, and must be tired. I say this for your own sake as well as for his. The last time you had a visitor, you had a headache all next day, and—here a droll smile broke on the old loving face, a flash of former fires it seemed to me—you told me that the headache was caused by sitting up too late."

John coloured a little as he said, "I trust we shall not offend in that way to-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Burdett—good-night, John," and with a smile Miss Cargill retired.

We had much to talk about: old times, old places, old companions, and the changes which time and fortune had brought to our familiars long ago. To some she had given riches and reputation, to some wives and children, to some quiet graves in country churchyards. Some were wandering in foreign lands, some toiled desperately in this; one or two had perished in Crimean snows, or been shrivelled to a cinder in a gush of flame from the Redan. In spite of my interest, fatigue would have its way, and at last John's voice seemed to murmur as in a dream. Then he got up. "I think you had better turn in now: I'll lead the way." He lighted me up a small carpetted stair into a still white room with a window with diamonded panes. "Here is your den. I'll be up early; and we breakfast at eight: if you wish to preserve the good impression you have made on Miss Cargill, I'd advise you to be punctual. I hope the bell will not fright you from your propriety. You are very sleepy. Good-night."

## VIII.

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GOSSIP.

*Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires.* Par J. B. Biot, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences et de l'Académie Française. 3 vols. Paris.

NATIONS as well as individuals have their outer and their inner life; one of strife, commerce, and diplomacy, and one of intellectual and spiritual progress; but the former is so prominently set forth in history, as almost to shut out the other from all consideration; and it is with a feeling of surprise, of improbability, or incongruity, that we turn from the external life of a nation, to contemplate its quiet and peaceful internal workings. It is not without an effort to reconcile ourselves to a sensation of anachronism, that we can picture to ourselves our own stormy seventeenth century as the age of Harvey, Sydenham, Boyle, and Ray; of Dugdale, of Fuller, Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor; of Locke, and of that mightiest of human intellects, Newton. Perhaps not altogether free from impatience is our glance at Sir Thomas Browne writing quietly his treatise on "Popular Fallacies," with the clatter of Prince Rupert's cavaliers and Cromwell's Ironsides ringing even into his study. For Milton the "many sided," we can readily find a place, as in him the inner and outer life of the nation touch.

But if these considerations suggest the feelings alluded to, how much more is it the case when we have the fact impressed upon our notice, that France between 1790 and 1858 has a history of its own, which is not one of carnage and destruction, which has no connection with war or its rumours, with the tyranny of the one, or the greater tyranny of the many; but which peacefully takes its accustomed part, and its full share too, in the general advancement of knowledge and science, which is gradually elevating the intellectual condition of Europe. Yet so it is; in the three charming volumes before us, we have a record of much literature, much science, and much speculative philosophy—clearly little more than an infinitesimal part of what was going on—showing plainly that the human intellect will not wait for its development till the angry passions of men have exhausted or consumed themselves. Whilst in the ordinary history of these times, we see nothing but blood-stained pictures, and nations convulsed with internal throes, or at rest from exhaustion or despair, we have here the records of men who were investigating abstract truth, who were surveying the earth, sounding the depths of the sea, and calculating the laws which

preside over celestial motions, as peacefully as though the Augustan age had returned, and men were to know war no more.

Strange enough, too, it is to see the occasional approximation of these two worlds. Let us look back some sixty years, to a meeting of the National Institute in Paris. There is a scene which in many points of view is not unworthy of note. A young and unknown student of mathematics is about to make his *débüt* before this learned assembly; his is the confidence of genius, (with a little added from another source, to be seen by-and-by); but it is an assembly that might well shake the nerve of even a more experienced man; for amid many great names, there are some that the world will always know. There is Monge, unrivalled in geometric analysis, and chief of the Ecole Polytechnique; there is the veteran Lagrange, whose criticism our young aspirant would have feared, but that there was also the author of the immortal "Mécanique Celeste," Laplace: for to him had the young man been the day before, and had shown him his calculations; he had seen on his face an expression of surprised satisfaction, and had been told by him that his was the right method; he had received from his matured experience, a hint to stop short of some far-sighted, but as yet too hasty inductions; he knew also that Laplace had spoken favourably of his work to some of those present. And there was another there, an undersized, rather slouching, perhaps rather slovenly looking man, who had just returned from Egypt, where he had made some noise; he had made some in a certain street or two in Paris also, since his return, and would make more shortly. But in the interval he was here, *why*, it might be difficult to say: perhaps brought by his old friend M. Monge; perhaps come of his own accord to keep up his character as a mathematician, of which he was proud; perhaps sowing beside all waters, looking to the time when he might make ministers of marine, and counsellors of state out of some of these men. From whatever motive, there sits citizen Bonaparte; he draws around the table with the other geometers, and looks on whilst the young man, our friend M. Biot, lucidly explains his views, illustrated by chalk and a black board—looks on, no doubt, with much apparent attention, for when the séance is over, when all have congratulated M. Biot upon his most assured success, the commission appointed to report upon his researches, consisted of citizens Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix, all men of some mark. After this peep into the quiet world of thought, citizen Bonaparte doubtless returned to his artillery and other disturbances; we lose sight of him at present, but we must follow M. Biot to dinner. He goes to dine with M. Laplace, and having saluted Madame,

he is invited for a moment into the great man's study. There Laplace opens a closet, and extricates from a chaotic mass some papers, yellow with age, which, after pledging him to silence, he shows to M. Biot. These prove to be the same calculations which have been the subject of his young friend's paper of the day; the same results which he had obtained years ago, which out of the fulness of his noble spirit he has kept back, that the young aspirant may enjoy undisturbed the merit of the discovery. He also had arrived at the above-mentioned conclusions, which he considered premature, and so had laid the whole away for years. M. Biot tries to describe his feelings on the occasion, as a mixture of gratification that he had in some degree "thought side by side with Laplace; of some little regret that he had even silently been forestalled in his discovery; but above all, of a most profound and unspeakable appreciation of the nobility of sentiment manifested by M. Laplace." How rare, indeed, are the instances of such scientific abnegation as this! And this was the opening of M. Biot's long and distinguished career in literature, and more particularly in the exact sciences—a career which might have been closed at its outset, and its valuable results lost to the world, by one selfish word on the part of the great mathematician.

The three volumes before us contain a record of some portion of the labours of more than half a century. It is pleasant to look back upon writings of this character, extending over a period of time almost unparalleled for its startling events in the history of the world. Between the first and the last of these essays, France passed from democratic anarchy and coarseness, to the elegancies of monarchy and empire, through almost countless political revolutions, overturning rank, fortune, and individual position. Yet during all this time, there was a steady intellectual progress, of which we have here testimony, apparently unaffected by the confusion around. The secrets of ancient Egypt were investigated; the languages, religion, and doctrines of the by-gone oriental nations were studied, and erroneous opinions with regard to them rectified; expeditions of discovery were made into unknown seas, and unexplored continents; a more extended intercourse was instituted with man in all his varieties of condition and manners; and the progress of the physical sciences was rapid beyond all previous experience.

When we speak of intellectual progress, we must not be understood as conniving at the hypothesis of some vaunted improvement of the human mind in itself. Perhaps it is not going too far to deny any such improvement altogether. Plato and Aristotle thought and observed as justly and as accurately as Bacon and Descartes; what does really make progress is the grand

mass of perpetually accumulating material for thought to exercise itself upon, and the continually refined and perfected means of observation. In such of these papers of M. Biot's as were written fifty years ago, we observe necessarily an ignorance of some of the scientific facts which have been so rapidly flowing in upon us during that half century; but in dealing with science and literature in their then condition, we remark a clearness of thought, a quick detection of logical error, an acute perception of scientific adaptation, an almost prophetic intimation of what must be the next discovery, and an accuracy of inductive reasoning, which can be equalled by few, and excelled by none in the present day, when our actual amount of knowledge is so much greater.

If this stationary aspect of mind be considered by some as humiliating, there is another reflection, which the reader of these volumes will make for himself, that may be a little more consoling, though negatively so: that is, that we do not write more foolish books than they did fifty years back. The follies of men and of authors may in various ages assume various forms; but their intensity and amount seem to be tolerably constant. Of this we shall find a few illustrations shortly; but in the mean time we pass on to make our readers acquainted with a portion of the contents of these volumes. These consist of reviews of books, of literary and scientific essays, of voyages and travels, of accounts of geodesic operations, and of biographical sketches. All are interesting, but it is only a very small part of them to which we can even briefly allude; most of the purely scientific papers are incapable of condensation, and the most important of the biographies, as that of Newton, are too long, and likewise too familiar to be suitable for extract.

In the year 11 of the republic, M. Biot was requested by the minister of the interior to visit the department of the Orne, to investigate the circumstances attendant upon, and the phenomena connected with, a remarkable meteor which had appeared there, discharging quantities of stones with repeated violent explosions. The whole history of the journey is most instructive, as an example of the careful *weighing* as well as accumulation of phenomena and testimony—a point too frequently neglected in such inquiries. We must content ourselves with the summary of the facts as finally ascertained, connected with what M. Biot considers as “one of the most astonishing phenomena ever witnessed by man.”

On Tuesday, the 6th Floreal, year 11, about 1 P.M., the weather being fine and clear, there was observed over a space of about thirty leagues, a fiery globe, very brilliant, moving with considerable rapidity in the atmosphere. Some minutes after,

violent explosions, lasting five or six minutes, were heard ; three or four were like cannon, followed by a sound as of a *fusillade*, and then one like the rolling of drums. The air was still, and the sky serene, except a few small clouds.

This noise proceeded from a small cloud of rectangular form very high up in the air. It appeared immovable during most of the time, except that, at the time of the explosions, streams of vapour projected momentarily from the sides. Simultaneously with the explosions was heard a hissing sound, as of projectiles, and the people saw at the same time a multitude of solid masses fall, exactly similar to those known as meteoric stones. These fell over an extent of country, about two and a half leagues in length by one in width, its form being elliptical. The largest stones fell first at the S. E. extremity of the long axis of the ellipse, and the smallest at the opposite point. The largest stone found weighed seventeen and a half pounds ; the smallest seen by M. Biot about two and a half drams : the number he calculates between two and three thousand. Analysed by M. Thénard, these stones were found identical in composition with other meteoric stones, consisting of silicon, oxide of iron, and magnesia, with two per cent. of nickel, and five per cent. of sulphur. These stones appear to have been very hot when first fallen, but no accurate observations were made on this point. M. Biot very modestly contented himself with reporting facts, leaving to others the deductions that might be drawn from them. It would have been more interesting to have seen an expression of his own theory of this very remarkable occurrence.

But M. Biot is a stern foe to speculation where it may lead to error—a pitiless demolisher of hasty inductions—an enemy even to poetic license where it dares to trespass upon his darling domain of exact science : the fact, the whole fact, and nothing but the fact, seems to be his watchword. St. Pierre receives a most sharp castigation for meddling with science in sentimental guise ; and M. Chateaubriand's eloquence, when directed against experimental philosophy, is set off in absurd light enough. M. Chateaubriand objects to cabinets of anatomy and of natural history, calling them “Ecoles où la mort, la faux à la main, est le démonstrateur ; cimetières au milieu desquels on a placé des horloges pour compter des minutes à des squelettes, pour marquer des heures à l'éternité.” M. Biot recognises that these are “fine words,” but is very strongly of opinion, that had M. Chateaubriand the misfortune to break an arm or a leg, he would not call to his assistance some sentimental traveller, accustomed to wander in deserts, and who had “brought only his heart to the study of nature,” but would rather address himself to some

skilful surgeon, who, having long frequented these doleful cabinets and schools, and having long and painfully practised his profession and studied every detail of our organisation, would have acquired the certainty, dexterity, and composure, which perilous operations require. Nor does he consider that, having received these useful attentions, it would be either just or civil to inform him *qu'à force de se promener dans l'atmosphère des sépulcres, son âme a gagné la mort.*

M. Biot is so purely a man of science, that he recognises *only* scientific reasoning and data, and rejects all appeal to the higher spiritual part of our nature. It is said that the First Consul once asked Laplace why there was so little reference to a Deity in his works. The philosopher replied that he did not "require the hypothesis." Whether there be any truth or not in this relation; whether, if true, the answer may be considered a *mot*,—an epigrammatic method of intimating that science did not deal with first causes, but with laws or collections of phenomena,—a true atheistic sentiment—or finally a biting satire upon the wholesale rejection of a Creator from his works, which had marked some of the late revolutions in France, we have no means of ascertaining. But one thing appears certain, that M. Biot does not *need the hypothesis* of a God—in the place he seems to set up statics and dynamics. He is no fierce sceptic, constantly obtruding his views. He is even tolerant of those who (it may be weakly) fail to perceive the all-sufficiency of projectile and gravitating forces in ordering the universe; for the most part he quietly ignores all this, only in two or three places allowing his views to appear. And this is the great defect of his book, and one upon which we feel it necessary to pause for a moment, as the errors of deep-thinking men like our author, are of much more importance than the rabid outpourings of the coarser infidel.

In the "*Génie du Christianisme*," M. Chateaubriand offers an eloquent, though it must be confessed rather unscientific, picture of the consequences to be apprehended were the universe to be left for a moment unaided by the "constant and immediate action of the Divine power." This M. Biot curtly sums up as a revival of ancient popular prejudices, the empire of which has been fortunately for ever overthrown by the advancement of science. In fact, it is just because the universe *is left* to the reciprocal action of particles and masses of matter that any order whatever is maintained.

But the fullest exposition of our author's views on such matters as these, is found in his elaborate and brilliant analysis of the character and writings of Montaigne. It has been objected to Montaigne that he is a sceptic. "Truly! and what would you

have him to be?" The strong and irrefragable reason why he must necessarily be so is, that he lived in times when the most profound night of ignorance obscured a knowledge of *nature*. Why, not only was man ignorant of the arrangement of the universe, but he knew not even the laws of motion, the properties of matter, or the relations of attractions; "in a word, all his positive knowledge was confined to a few geometric propositions!" How could man *believe* anything when he *knew* so little? No word of revelation, or faith, or immortality—these do not belong to the exact sciences, nor can they well be scientifically analysed. Yet M. Biot is a believer in "moral faculties" in some sort, and defends their existence, even against Montaigne, in this wise: "Is not the power of the moral faculties of man most evidently attested by his very existence—he who is *thrown upon this earth, naked, without arms, without shelter, without any succour but his reason?* But what need has he of other help? By means of his reason he has possessed himself of the forces of nature, and turned them to his service; he has extricated the fire that was buried in the stones; he has therein melted metals and fashioned them to his purposes. He has made arms more terrible than those of the tiger or the elephant; he has felled the forests and built himself dwellings; he has cultivated the earth and utilised the waters; the seas themselves have become his servants, to bear upon their bosom his fleets. He has *created* powers greater than his own; and with them he has penetrated the immensities of space, and has discovered the motions of the stars and their laws. Enlightened by his grand discoveries, he has recognised, without trembling, the smallness of the atom to which he is attached; and this view, annihilating him, as it were, in his own estimation, has made him feel that all his power is in his thought. Such is the *grandeur of man!*"

And such, we would add, is the littleness and shortsightedness of man, who can feel conscious of these godlike attributes, and yet fail to perceive that the divine spark must have had a divine origin; who can penetrate thus deeply into the laws of the universe, yet see no indication of a lawgiver; who can watch the gorgeous mechanism of the heavens, and take refuge in an eternal attraction and repulsion; who can feel his own insignificance before the wonders of creation, and stand helpless and abashed amid the confusion of the elements, yet can only look for aid to his own reason, and will say with his lips (for he cannot in his heart), "There is no God."

We have given this view of M. Biot's religion in full, not in the intention of discussing it, or controverting it, but to show how bald, dreary, and soulless a thing is the picture of a godless world, drawn even by the most graphic and vigorous fancy. We

willingly turn from this fatal flaw to notice further some of the contents of this work: in doing which we are troubled, in more than an ordinary degree, by the embarrassment of riches. We commence by a few ideas from his essay on "Charlatanism," of which, in all its protean forms, M. Biot is a most ruthless enemy.

The true philosopher is much more occupied with the pleasure of making discoveries than with the care of publishing them. He seeks the suffrages of the minority, of instructed men in the same department; he wants *judges*, not admirers. The charlatan, on the contrary, appeals to the uneducated multitude of loose observers and still looser reasoners; and, far from desiring scientific judgment, he ever refuses it, and taxes it with undeserved severity, if not with envy and injustice. The public press is his arena, where he boasts loudly of his discoveries, which can never be demonstrated. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he merely announced it, not as a great inspiration, but as an experiment to be submitted for investigation to the learned men of Europe. When Volta made his discoveries, they were at once laid before the Royal Society of London and the Institute of France. Jenner gave his invention to the world as soon as he had tested its value. M. Biot contrasts these with the performances of the mesmerists, biologists, &c., but more especially alludes to the professors of *rabdomancy*, the users of the divining rod. This art is of ancient date, mentioned frequently in the writings of the alchemists. Paracelsus speaks of the divining rod as a thing well known; and Melancthon, even in 1560, mentions it as a proof of the sympathy between vegetables and minerals; for, in those times, it was only used for the discovery of metals: for detecting springs of water it appears only to have come into vogue in 1674. At first, the wonderful properties of this bifurcate stick were attributed to the stars; but, in 1659, Gaspard Schott made the notable discovery that they must be attributed to the power of the devil. One of the most notorious diviners was one Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiny. He discovered, by means of his rod, murderers and robbers, clothes and stolen money. On one occasion he followed a murderer forty-five leagues by land and thirty leagues by sea, guided by this astonishing stick. One of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne rejoiced openly on this discovery, and upon the benefits that must accrue to religion and morals therefrom. Unfortunately, Aymar allowed himself to be brought by Prince Condé to the test, and turned out a very ridiculous impostor. Being discovered, he made a merit of confession—he was poor, and wanted money. After Aymar appeared a famous hydroscope, by name Bléton, who performed wonders, but was unwise enough to let himself

be brought to proof: his pretensions faded, and he himself disappeared. This one was succeeded by another named Pennet, greatly patronised by M. Thouvenel. He also did marvels before the dauphin, but was not acute enough to save himself from detection. A metallic and aqueous test having been prepared for him in a large enclosure, he was observed, the night before the performance, getting over the wall with a ladder, which some misbeliever withdrew, and he was left there, not altogether with his previous credit. M. Thouvenel does not deny the relation, but naïvely asserts that Pennet's morality did not affect his physical qualifications! We need not follow M. Biot further in his illustrations of quackery. His concluding observations have force enough to deserve quotation. They relate to the difference between harmless and hurtful quackery.

“Let a man,” says he, “shout ever so loudly that he has decomposed iron, sulphur, or phosphorus, he will do no harm to any one—they remain still to every one what they have been and will be. But if physicians begin to invent absurd systems, to spread, teach, and practise them, there will be no surety for any one. Let the world rave on chemistry, physics, or philosophy; but beware of raving on medicine; each error kills its man, and we may justly say,

‘Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.’”

This was written in 1808, in 1858 M. Biot adds:—

“The prodigies which I have recounted are no more in vogue; but, as human imaginations require continual illusions, these are replaced by others yet more marvellous and more widely spread. Instead of mesmerism and rhabdomancy, we have turning, dancing, and speaking tables; and, as the latest miracle, rapping spirits, which certain individuals suppose may be evoked from the night of the tomb to answer our idlest and most flippant questions. Timid spirits withal, that can only manifest their presence under tables covered by a long, hanging, thick cloth, and surrounded by a circle of believers: yet, thus sheltered, they present the singular anomaly of immaterial beings, who touch, press, pull, and knock, none being well able to say whether the agency by which all this is accomplished be good or evil. So are occupied, not the *people* only, but members of the highest society, to the great honour of philosophy and of those intellectual lights on which we pride ourselves so highly. To these follies of our times we shall see others succeed, which will be seized upon and embraced with the same ardour,—a just chastisement to the incurable presumption of our nature which, unable to endure doubt, or to submit to the ignorance of those things which are concealed from us, and unwilling to confine the operations of our reason to patient exploration, renders us always ready to hear lying voices which cry to us, as did the Tempter to our first parents, *Eritis sicut Dii*—Ye shall be as gods.”

M. Biot's fiercest wrath is directed against those who invent and promulgate systems and theories, without having taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the phenomena to be accounted for. Seeing the complacence of the public for system-makers, we cannot but wonder at the singular longing for everything which appears like explanation. Few care to inform themselves whether such explanations be exact or precise, whether they be founded upon well-observed facts, or confirmed by phenomena: let them but go far enough, and they must be well received. Yet what should we say of a man, who, without examining the interior of a watch, should promise from its external appearance to explain the principle of its movements, and the cause of their regularity? We have had lately at the Athenaeum an assembly of above four hundred reasonable beings, met to hear a Professor explain, in five lessons, the whole system of the universe. This man has much ability, and expresses himself with imperturbable fluency—he doubts of nothing. The disposition of the heavenly bodies, their form and movements, the phenomena produced by their reciprocal attractions, the innate properties of bodies, the most profound mysteries of physics and chemistry—all these are plain to him—all are, or ought to be, in his system. He employs only two principles to account for everything: an expansive force produced by rotation, and a compressive force from without, called *stellar radiation*. These are made to act as he pleases; and to produce such phenomena as he pleases, and truly objections fall pointless and harmless against such a theory. For a system to be attackable, it must offer some coherent unity: this presents only hypotheses, false observations, and inexact ideas, so closely packed together as to admit of no response. With a lively imagination, the author has dreamed out his system in solitude, without any knowledge of the phenomena. Having formed it he forces nature to conform to it, but does not inquire whether it be according to nature or not. It is not wonderful in this case, that he himself should be penetrated with admiration of his method: the really astonishing part of the matter is, that he can find rational beings to listen to it.

To the writer of an extremely foolish book on chemistry, which is anonymous, M. Biot addresses some small consolation for his criticism.

“ You are not the only one who invents absurd systems; for some time past all the world does it, from literary men to physicians. But all have not your wisdom: the most part of them take especial pains to endorse their books with their name, whilst you have the modesty to conceal yours.”

We intimated above, that, notwithstanding the ceaseless flood of books which is hourly pouring from our press, a glance over those noticed by M. Biot, fifty years ago, will convince us that our ancestors were not behind us in the extent to which absurdity and ingeniously-solemn trifling, both in literature and science, might be carried. Of this we must give one instance, amusing in itself, and not without its own serious lesson in philology.

It has been a frequent observation amongst learned men, who have entered deeply into the physical and moral history of different nations, that even those which are most distant from each other, and separated by apparently impassable obstacles, present singular analogies in some details of their customs, the style of their monuments, or the elements of their languages. Struck with these resemblances, philosophers have sometimes supposed that all civilization, now spread over many different people, proceeded originally from one single, great, and powerful nation, eminent in sciences, virtues, and genius. Plato relates that according to an ancient tradition, there existed formerly an island called Atlantis, as large as Europe and Africa together, whose inhabitants presented a model of happiness, wisdom, and perfect civilization. This island was swallowed up by an earthquake, and nothing in it escaped. This, then, was the original centre of knowledge and refinement. The existence, however, of this island, has not always appeared to be certain, notwithstanding Plato's history, much less has its precise locality been agreed upon. Some have located it in Tartary, Hindostan, China, Egypt, or Greece. Other writers, jealous for the honour of their own country, have placed it in Sweden, Prussia, Brittany, or Wales. M. Charles Joseph de Grave, a councillor of state of Flanders, has ultimately settled the question to his own perfect satisfaction; he places definitively the Atlantis in that part of Flanders which is situated between the mouths of the Meuse and the Rhine. It is difficult to compress his argument into a space small enough to correspond with the subject; but it is nearly as follows. The Druid priests of the Gauls were learned men, and they taught their pupils that the nation was descended from Pluto. But Pluto was king of the infernal regions, which must therefore be sought here, together with the Elysian Fields. Now, Homer in the *Odyssey* gives the characters of these neighbourhoods, as being at the extremities of the earth, where reigns the red-haired Rhadamanthus, where men have an easy life, where the winter is short, and the ocean constantly sends refreshing breezes. The winter necessarily excludes all tropical localities, and all the other conditions are marvellously fulfilled by Flanders—for where can men have an easier life than there?

and where is wind more plentiful? For the red-haired Rhadamantus, it is well known that most of the Flemings are fair, and Rhadamantus is the same as the Raedmans, the name of the present magistracy. Again, Virgil alludes to the extremity of the earth being at the embouchure of the Rhine. This was once formed by two arms, of which one was called Helium, according to Pliny, which, in the language of the Lower Rhine, became *Helisch* or *Helish*; hence most clearly the Helischen or Elysian Fields. But further, *Hel* in this language signifies the infernal regions, and thence is derived its present name of *Hel-land*, corrupted into Holland. In like manner Hel-voet is only the foot of the infernal regions; and that this part of the country corresponded to the Fortunate Isles is plain, for Zealand is not derived as has been supposed, from *Zee* (the sea) and *Land*; but from the Saxon *Zel* or *Zalig*, happy or fortunate. Hence the isles of Zealand are the Fortunate Isles.

The travels of Ulysses are traced with similar philological accuracy: his adventure with Circe proves to be a visit to the primitive church (Kirchen, Kirken, Kirkœa, or Circea, all one) of Flanders, where he went to be initiated into the mysteries of the Atlantides. Tyre and Sidon are also clearly shown to be Gallic; but we must not linger further than to show that Homer himself was no Greek, but a Belgian. To be sure, he wrote so perfectly in Greek, as to deceive the Greeks themselves; but that he was not so is shown by his using all the dialects indiscriminately, so that none could be his own; but most positively by there still being a town (St. Omer) which bears his name!

Amongst all the nations, there is none which bears a greater or more mysterious interest for the historian, the moralist, or the man of science, than China. Late events have given it to us, also, a political importance, which, until recently, did not attach to it. Dating from a period when probably the greater part of Europe consisted of impervious forests and swamps, and its inhabitants of naked savages—from a time anterior even to our own most fabulous records—certainly far older than any now existing nation; probably far advanced in a civilization not very remote from its present state, when the Chaldean empire was in its infancy; having laws and customs and forms of government which seem even on the most moderate calculation to have continued almost unchanged for above 3000 years—from these and many other causes, anything which tends to throw any light upon its chronology, or its internal economy, is of extreme interest. In the volumes under consideration, we find two papers relating to this subject. The first containing some calculations, with a view to settling some parts of the chronological questions,—the second, an abstract of an ancient book,

called Tcheou-li. With reference to the former, we would merely premise that M. Biot is one who receives no evidence that is not sifted and weighed to the very uttermost, so that what he accepts may well be considered worthy of much attention; and that his chief authority in some matters is Père Gaubil, who has spent thirty-six years in these investigations, and who is a sincere believer in revelation, having for his chief object the discovery of truth, and the reconciling profane with sacred history. The whole details cannot be given; but we will attempt a sketch. One of the principal questions relative to the Chinese Empire relates to its antiquity, which M. Biot proposes to solve by a reference to the records of certain astronomical observations, supposed to have been made from the earliest periods. These are not so numerous as might be wished, owing to the following circumstance. In the year 213 B.C., the emperor Tsin-Chi-Hoang instituted a bitter persecution against learned men and books, excited by a minister who feared the growing influence of literature. It was ordered that in forty days all historical books, except those relating to the royal family, and those of astrology, medicine, agriculture, and divination, should be given up to mandarins appointed for the purpose, to be burned. The exceptions named proved the pretext for saving many books, particularly the Yking, commented upon by Confucius; but the greater part were destroyed. At the same time the learned men were put to death in vast numbers. In one day four hundred and fifty perished in the imperial city alone. After the death of this prince, his successors attempted to repair the evil that had been done, and to some extent succeeded: the rescued documents were put in order, and a commission appointed to compile a history from them, which was done about one hundred years B.C. This history is that known as Tse-Ma-Tsiene; and since that time there has been an uninterrupted tribunal engaged in continuing it. This destruction naturally caused much confusion in the precise chronology, and many fabulous legends have accumulated around it. It does not appear, however, to be impossible to arrive at some kind of truth; for Père Gaubil has made wondrous research for records of such investigations as might have escaped this wholesale burning; and amongst others are some accounts of early astronomical observations. Now these, having been investigated by M. Laplace, furnish singular results: either they must have been made at the time at which they profess to have been, or they have been invented afterwards to lend probability to legends connected with the antiquity of the empire. In the former case they correspond accurately with the truth at that time, making some slight allowance for their imperfect admeasurement of time by means of the

clepsydra. In the latter case, we are met by the almost impossible supposition, that their errors of observation at a later period, have always been of such a nature and amount, as to bring out the truth for these remote periods by chance. Thus in the reign of Tcheou-Koung, he himself puts on record the position of the solstices, and the inclination of the ecliptic about 1000 B.C. But the laws by which these change have only been recently discovered; and it is therefore incredible that an impostor, 2000 years after, should be able to state these accurately for that period; and M. Laplace finds that the data given by Tcheou-Koung correspond within a very few minutes of a degree with the real position as it would be 1100 years before our era. We are compelled to accept the more probable supposition that these observations were actually made 3000 years ago, four hundred years before the observation of the three eclipses noticed at Babylon, and reported in Ptolemy's *Almagest*; sufficiently refuting the idea that the doctrines of the Chinese were derived from the Chaldeans. Père Gaubil places the emperor Fohi about 2500 B.C., and does not consider any earlier accounts other than fabulous. He appears to favour the notion that the Chinese empire was founded immediately upon the original dispersion of men after the deluge. It seems agreed, according to him, that at the time of Yao, about 2155 B.C., (as defined by the records of a solar eclipse,) China was very populous, and that there were even inhabitants in the islands of the Eastern seas. They composed verses, they had colleges, and shortly afterwards they knew how to define the positions of the solstices and equinoxes. They were acquainted with the length of the year, as  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, and practised the intercalation of days.

They observed the stars, they worked in copper and iron, they had silks, and they made vessels, in which they even visited the Eastern Islands. Père Gaubil adds:—

“ Whatever calculation we take, we must conclude that the founders of this empire were very near to Noah and his children. From the country where the dispersion occurred to China is a great distance, and the journey must have been long and difficult. To reconcile Chinese chronology with that of the Scriptures, it would be necessary to know what is the most true calculation that might result from a comparison of the various versions of the Bible. That is what I am not able to ascertain.”

A considerable part of these volumes is occupied with biographical sketches of a highly-interesting order, of which we can only notice briefly a few. About three-fourths of the first volume consists of essays on the life and works of Newton, whom M. Biot designates “the most exalted intelligence of human beings.” We have the familiar traits of our great countryman

brought vividly before us; the workings of his genius traced; the enmities that were provoked; the quarrel with Flamstead; and an amusing picture of Hooke, ever lying in wait for some fresh discovery of Newton's, that he might claim priority of invention.

This account of Newton is almost entirely that of his intellectual life. M. Biot disapproves entirely of pursuing a man of science into his familiar and daily life to satisfy prurient curiosity; and so it is that there is little domestic detail in any of these sketches. The life and opinions of Galileo are drawn at considerable length, as well as his trial and recantation. Our author throws entire discredit upon the anecdote related of Galileo, that he said immediately after his recantation, "And yet it *does* move." Besides that it is not mentioned by any contemporary writer, M. Biot justly suspects that the old man would naturally feel himself too happy to have escaped safe and sound from the hands of the inquisitors to be likely to arouse their wrath so soon again by a vain bravado. *Ce "e pur si muove" est un de ces mots de circonstance, inventés après coup, que la tradition adopte et rend célèbres, mais qui n'ont jamais été prononcés.*

Charles-Marie la Condamine was a man of whom it might truly be said, that his life consisted of curiosity, to which alone he seems to have been indebted for all his success in the sciences, in literature, and in the world. It was, however, a curiosity united to ardour, courage, and constancy. He was born in Paris in 1701. On leaving college he went voluntarily to the siege of Roses, where his dominant passion had nearly proved fatal to him. He was examining a battery most leisurely with a telescope, from an elevation, a scarlet cloak which he wore making him a conspicuous object for the balls, which fell around him altogether unheeded: he was with difficulty compelled to withdraw. Leaving the military career, and having been elected a member of the Academy, chiefly because of the active curiosity which had led him to peep into the arcana of all the sciences, he was associated with Bouguer and Godin, as a commission to travel to the equator, to determine the figure of the earth. Though not equal in science to his colleagues, he was of immense practical utility to them as regards conciliating the inhabitants, treating with authorities, surmounting endless obstacles, and in so many other ways that, had it not been for him, in all probability the expedition would have been useless. On his return, he published his observations, which Bouguer attacked intemperately. La Condamine answered pleasantly; and the public, not being able to judge of the scientific merits, sided with the one who amused them. Some most amusing instances are related of the exercise of his ruling passion. In one of the royal collections,

he was shown a vase made, as it was said, of a single emerald, whereupon he immediately attempted to scratch it to test its hardness. On another occasion, visiting a small village by the sea-shore, he saw a taper constantly kept alight, and was assured by the priest that if it was extinguished, the village would be inundated by the waters. "Are you sure of that?" he said; and at once blew it out. Fortunately he was able to escape from the fury of the people by a prompt retreat. One day passing by the apartment of Madame de Choiseul whilst she was writing a letter, he could not resist the temptation to come behind her and look what she was writing. The lady perceiving him, continued to write—"I would tell you more, but M. de la Condamine is behind me, reading what I write." "Ah, madame," said he, "nothing can be more unjust; I assure you I was not reading." Another time he was caught by M. Choiseul looking over his papers; the minister could not help smiling, but begged him very seriously not to revisit his cabinet. The end of his life was characteristic. Attacked with a complication of diseases, he could not go to the Academy, but still kept himself acquainted with all the proceedings. There he saw that a young surgeon had proposed a new and bold operation for the cure of one of his maladies: he sent for him, and requested him to try it upon him. "But if I have the misfortune not to succeed?"—"Well, that will not affect you; I am old and ill; people will only say that nature has not seconded your skill. But if I recover, I will myself read an account of your proceedings at the Academy, and your fame will be made." The young man consented, and began to operate; but the patient would persist in seeing every step. "Gently, I beg—I must see; if I do not see your method of operating, how can I describe it at the Academy?" He died after this operation, in 1774, his gaiety, courage, and philosophy unaffected to the last.

Clouet, the inventor of steel in France, seems to have been a strange, eccentric character. He left school rather than submit to what he called the minute details of the toilet; and this was the first act of a life-long opposition to all the usages of civilized life. When he was appointed to direct a large establishment for forged iron to supply the arsenal of Douai, he constantly supervised the works by day, and wrote his correspondence by night. He required but one hour of sleep, and that without lying down, some say without shutting his eyes. When this establishment was fully formed he quitted it. His accounts were found very exact, with one omission—he had forgotten to make any director's charge. His garden had furnished him with food, and his journeys were taken on foot. When about to visit Paris, he took in his pocket bread and brandy, and set off;

he never stopped to sleep or rest, but only to renew his provisions when exhausted. Arrived in Paris, he took a small unfurnished chamber, threw upon the floor some straw for his bed, and he was at home. He made his own garments and cooked his own food. He died in 1801, of a colonial fever, alone, leading almost the life of a savage. Commenting on his character, M. Biot says—

“ Was he happy in having so rejected all the resources of civilization? It is a question to which it is impossible to give an answer. But his life shows us a hard and painful existence, terminated by a miserable death. It is scarcely worth while separating one's self from humankind to attain that.”

Having given a short biographic notice of Coulomb, the distinguished inventor of the *balance of torsion*, M. Biot makes the following additional remarks:—

“ These two remarkable men, Coulomb and Clouet, offer to us the most complete contrast of character and existence that can be imagined. Clouet, filled with fierce pride, held himself aloof from human society, like a savage. Coulomb lived with patience amongst men, only separating himself from their passions and errors, keeping himself always just, calm, firm, and dignified, *in se totus, tres, atque rotundus*. Which of the two has the best employed the gifts of nature? Which of the two has been the most honourable and the most happy?”

Our readers have had a long journey with us,—let us hope not a tedious one. We will take leave with a formula from the Tcheou-li, before referred to, prescribed 3000 years ago, and used ever since. When the emperor receives an ambassador, he says, “ You have had much to suffer in so long a journey—HOW ARE YOU?” This is the “ *Rite of Consolation*.” At the audience of dismissal, the emperor presents a cup of wine, saying, “ Drink all, if you can; if not, use it to your satisfaction.” So we to our readers, and leave with regret these pleasant volumes.

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## IX.

### LAW REFORM.

IN one respect law seems to be the most delightful of all professions—the oldest lawyers are the youngest. Even physically, the practice of the law appears to bring with it eternal youth. A lawyer as he grows older seems to acquire all the toughness of his parchments, and all the permanence of the deeds which

are engrossed upon them. He literally takes a long lease of life, and sees to it that the indenture is a sound one. Our Lyndhursts, our Broughams, and our Campbells, have taken life for ninety-nine years, and mean to see their term out. Old Parr is said to have preserved himself with a pill; but in pen and pounce there is something beyond either pill or potion for the lengthening of days. The most marvellous thing of all, however, is that law has a renovating effect on the mind as well as on the body. Our greatest legal reformers are the oldest lawyers. What other profession can boast of such a phenomenon? Take medicine for example:—who would expect novel suggestions and strange practices to be patronized by the old doctors? It is a known fact, that when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, there was not in England a medical man under forty who would accept his discovery; and at the present moment, those who look at the state of medical science with an impartial eye, will perceive, that while on the one hand the younger members of the profession indulge in all sorts of dreams and schemes, the result of a very natural dissatisfaction with the uncertainties of their practice, the older members are buttoned up to the chin in a mass of unwieldy superstitions and unconquerable prejudices. Or take theology and ecclesiastical affairs—it is not usually with the venerable fathers of the church that reforms and revivals originate. Many of them, indeed, may be waiting for the reformation which they cannot hasten, may hail it with delight when it comes, and die singing their joyful *Nunc dimittis*; but it requires the ardour of the young Melancthon to grapple boldly with the old Adam, the strength of the lusty Luther to battle with the giant Despair. Take poetry and art—it is not the old artists and the established poets who revolutionize the style, but men against whom may be brought, as against the Pre-Raphaelites actually has been launched, the terrible denunciation that they are young. In almost every profession and walk of life it is the same; the party of movement is a party of fresh minds, young blood, new hands. As in those fairy tales which are spread over every country in Europe, it is always the youngest brother who performs the greatest achievements, who kills the monster, wins the treasure and marries the princess; so in actual life the greatest energy must necessarily be with the young, the greatest desire for progress, the greatest danger of innovation. But in law the greatest innovators are the oldest judges. Reform is not left to be urged by aspiring candidates and opposing factions; it is suggested by established authorities and by the maturest intellects. The fact is, that English law differs from every other English profession. There is an old saying, that if a man is

not able to be his own physician at thirty he must be a fool ; and Thomas Moore, in pointing out that some of Sheridan's most brilliant performances were sketched out and partly written in his boyhood, observes how little it is to the credit of our maturer years, that what the man accomplishes in the way of art is generally the dream and suggestion of his youth. But it is impossible to be anything of a lawyer in youth. It takes years and years of study in order to reach even a very ordinary degree of legal knowledge. The wise young judge of the play is simply an impossibility ; and if Shylock had not been caught in a trap he would have protested against such an imposture. "How much more elder art thou than thy looks?" he said to Portia, and we may say to each of our law lords, "How much more younger art thou than thy looks?" Thirty-seven is said to be the fatal year of poets and artists, and Raphael, Mozart, Burns, and Byron, are cases in point. Another fatal epoch is that forty-sixth year, which has been so critical in the history of statesmen and soldiers—the epoch when Napoleon laid aside his crown and retired to his rock, when Wellington put up his sword and finished his military career, when Nelson fell at Trafalgar, and when Pitt drew his last breath on Putney Heath. But law is a plant that flowers still later. Its principles are never discovered until its precedents are mastered, and to master the precedents of English law, requires a lifetime of itself. English history is based on precedents, and an English public would not tolerate a young law reformer. If we have legal reform at all it must come from the experienced, and those only are experienced who have spent their life in its study.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether in this very fact we have not strong evidence of the necessity of legal reform. There seems to be no particular reason why law should be the most difficult of human studies, and the most esoteric of human professions. Most of us think that we can doctor ourselves well enough ; many laymen might teach the clergy how to preach ; no inconsiderable number of the very best people sometimes indulge in versification and call it poetry. But who ever heard of an amateur lawyer? What layman does not feel that law is to him a sealed book, and a sacred profession with which the ignorant must not meddle. *Odi profanum vulgus*—is its motto. At every corner we are expected to have an attorney at our elbow ; we must sign no paper without consulting the inspired priest of the law ; property cannot exist without the sanction of six-and-eightpence in many multiplied forms. English law is a huge agglomeration of precedents and technicalities, which none of us who are uninitiated can hope to master for ourselves, and which we must take on trust from the hierophants who

have been admitted into the secrets of the order. Now, without disrespect or ingratitude to the law reformers, whose labours we would not for a moment underrate, we do think it a bad sign, that reform, if it ever comes at all, should of necessity come only from the profession itself, and should be an unmeaning word in the mouths of the public at large. How is it that the public at large know so little about law, and if, in a general way, they cry for this measure or that measure, are very soon hopelessly confused when a lawyer is malicious enough to ask them for details? Why should law be the puzzle which it is, the jest of the wise man, the hocus-pocus of fools, and the mother-tongue of knaves? Is there, after all, any invincible necessity which places the science of jurisprudence in a magic circle, and surrounds it with innumerable forms nonsensical as the Cabala and mysterious as freemasonry? Why, there is a story told of a four days' debate before a very learned Master of the Rolls (Sir William Grant, if we recollect rightly): the debate had reference to a statute which was afterwards discovered to have been repealed! Something of the same kind occurred but very lately in the House of Commons. There were very animated discussions in more than one session on a bill which was intended to amend the law of partnership, nor were the discussions closed until it was discovered by the legal authorities, after no little consideration, that by the analogy of cases, the rule to be introduced by the bill was actually already in the law! "So great is the accumulation of the statutes," said Bacon—and depend upon it the accumulation in his time was as nothing to what it is now, and especially in these days when the legislature has been seized with a mania for passing laws, as if lawgiving were the chief duty of Parliament—"so great is the accumulation of the statutes, so often do they cross each other, and so intricate are they, that the certainty of the law is lost in the heap." And if this be a true description of the statute law, what shall we say to the common law? If the statutes be a heap of confusion, the common law is confusion worse confounded. We are not blind to the enormous difficulty of reducing this chaos into order; but surely, with the fullest recognition of the difficulties of the task, we may be allowed to say that the English statute-book is a disgrace to us as a nation, and that the Commission intrusted with the duty of consolidating our laws, ought to have done something long ago towards simplifying the incomprehensible medley. That it is not impossible to consolidate and codify our laws is shown pretty clearly in the fact that year after year manuals are published on particular departments of law, which often attain the very greatest reputation, and are sometimes quoted on the bench as of the highest authority. One writer takes up the subject of bankruptcy, another that of

libel, a third that of insurance, while perhaps a fourth divides the last subject, and confines his attention exclusively to marine insurance. Now, what is it that these writers do? They take one of these subjects; they go to the statute-book and collect together all the enactments relating to it that are still in force; they then go through innumerable reports of cases at common law bearing on the same topic; they collect together every decision of the judges that bears on the point; they summarize the enacted law of the statute-book, and the unenacted law of the judges; and practically they consolidate and codify the law. It seems strange that what lawyers thus privately effect for their own convenience, and the convenience of the public, should be impossible, except after infinite delay, to an authoritative Commission, sitting for many years, with no other object than that of consolidating and digesting the statute-book. Ere long, we have no doubt that consolidation will come; but it is very slow of coming: and this is the more to be regretted, since, after all, it is the greatest legal reform that could possibly be effected. We do not know that any new bill which could be passed, any amendment of the law which could be proposed, would be more beneficial than such a consolidation of the statutes as would reduce the forty volumes to four, and in this manageable shape would let us see what the law actually is. Sir Fitzroy Kelly stated his views clearly enough in a letter to Lord Brougham; and if he really carries them out, he will deserve well of the country. His proposition is "to take the statutes at large from Magna Charta to the last Act of Victoria; to expunge and eject from the statute-book every act and every enactment which is either repealed, expired, or obsolete; and then to take what remains (which will consist of all that is law in force and to continue in force)—to digest and to arrange this body of law, by dividing it into classes, and subdividing each class into single subjects; and then to reduce the whole into single bills, each bill being on a single subject, but comprising the whole of that subject." But when are we to have this boon?

There is good ground for the question, inasmuch as the Lord Chancellor, on introducing a bill the other day for the amendment of our bankruptcy law, contented himself with simply adding another to the interminable lists of Acts of Parliament. He put off to the Greek kalends the task of consolidating the English law upon the subject, which everybody expected him at all events to attempt. We may, indeed, in this session obtain a consolidation of bankruptcy law; but for this we shall have to thank not Lord Chelmsford but Lord John Russell, who has introduced a rival bill into the House of Commons. Of the merits of these bills we shall speak presently; but in the mean-

time we must express our disappointment at the exhibition of so much disinclination on the part of the Government to take the bull by the horns, and to present us with a code in the case where of all other codification is most easy. It is not more than ten years since the whole of the bankruptcy law came under revision, and was practically concentrated into a single act. In the mean time a royal commission has reported on the subject what the most eminent lawyers have deemed expedient in the way of improvement; and a meeting of delegates from all the commercial towns has pronounced upon the changes which would most gladly be accepted in the interest of the mercantile community. Under these circumstances, the duty of codification was obvious, its accomplishment easy, for but one thing more was required, namely, to work into the digested mass of bankruptcy law the various enactments relating to insolvency which it might be thought necessary to retain. Lord Chelmsford, however, contented himself with the humbler task of introducing one more amendment bill; and his plea was that it would not be right to risk the rejection of a consolidation bill until it were first seen whether the amendments which he proposed would be acceptable or not. The plan must go for what it is worth, and we do not know that it amounts to much more than a confession of timidity.

It would, however, be ungracious not to recognise the value of Lord Chelmsford's bill so far as it goes. The principle upon which it proceeds is that the old distinction between traders and non-traders is of none effect, and that the legal difference between insolvency and bankruptcy ought forthwith to be abolished. He therefore proposes to fuse the bankruptcy and insolvent debtors' court into one tribunal, dispensing at last, though not immediately, with the services of the Insolvency Commission; and he would give to the insolvent the same protection as to the bankrupt with regard to property acquired after insolvency. In addition, he does away entirely with imprisonment for debt, except in certain extreme cases; and he has dimly shadowed forth a scheme for a more rapid and less expensive division of a bankrupt's effects through the machinery of assignees than at present exists. The chief point here, as we understand it, is the restoration to the creditors of their right to appoint, under certain limitations, an assignee for themselves. In these respects the bill of Lord John Russell resembles that of the Chancellor (who, by the way, rather plumes himself upon the concise and simple terms in which his amendments are proposed); but the member for London goes further, or at all events he is more explicit in his enunciation of the mode by which he hopes to expedite and to cheapen the process of a bankruptcy. In the English courts the affair of a "winding up" is a thing to be dreaded both for the delays which occur and for the very heavy expense.

The average cost of a settlement amounts to a charge of thirty per cent. on the property to be distributed; so that, if a bankrupt's estate could afford a payment of ten shillings in the pound, the cost of winding up would on the average reduce the dividend to seven shillings in the pound. A charge of this kind is very vexatious, and it is quite unnecessary, seeing that, according to the Scottish plan, which is found to work very well, the expenses of a winding up do not on the whole amount to more than twelve per cent. Hence the reluctance of English creditors to go into court—hence the scandal of a private composition, which certainly affords them the largest amount of dividend, but on the other hand defeats the ends of justice, and leaves an unprincipled trader free to practise on a new set of creditors who have never heard of his defalcation. Lord John Russell would cheapen to a very considerable extent the process of the courts, and, allowing the creditors a certain freedom, even after they have placed the bankrupt's estate in the hands of an official assignee, would assure to them a salutary check upon the proceedings. In order to bring the administration of the law as much as possible within the reach of those who are aggrieved, he proposes to give the county court a jurisdiction in cases of bankruptcy, where the amount is not large. Besides which, for the prevention of crime, he suggests that in cases of fraud there should be certain penalties, and that the offender should answer for his conduct to a jury. On the whole the two bills afford the materials for a good measure; and we ought, before the session is out, to have a very respectable bankruptcy law, worthy of the greatest commercial nation that has ever existed. The two things chiefly required are rapidity of settlement and cheapness; and these we are likely to obtain, together with the abolition of the curious distinction established between insolvents and bankrupts, traders and nontraders. Lord John Russell very well indicated the confusion to which this invalid distinction has given rise. "While an apothecary who sells drugs may at any time be made a bankrupt, the physician who trades in his skill cannot enjoy the benefit of the same law. According to an exception made in one of the Acts of Parliament, farmers and innkeepers are not liable to bankruptcy laws. The farrier who converts a bar of iron into a horseshoe may be made a bankrupt, but the farmer who changes milk into butter and cheese is not liable to the same laws. There arise every day questions respecting the capacity and character of a person who is in debt, as to whether he ought or ought not to be reckoned a bankrupt or insolvent. What I propose on the subject is to abolish the distinction altogether." There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of this proposition; and if, in addition to all else that he proposes, Lord John Russell contrives, as he has pro-

mised, to give us a consolidated measure, he will confer no trifling benefit on all who in this money-making country have a stake in property.

But the most important legal reform which is likely, with the consent of all parties, to be carried out during the present session of parliament, is that introduced by the Solicitor-General with regard to the transfer of land. It is a reform which will be of immense benefit to the landowners, and will add at the least three years' purchase to the value of their estates. There have always been great complaints with regard to the complexity of tenure in land, the uncertainty of title, and the difficulty of effecting a sale. Two centuries ago, Sir Matthew Hale, writing of a property which he had purchased, said that he would willingly give another year's purchase for it, if he could in this way insure a good title, and in our time the value of an indefeasible title has risen to three times that amount. It is something monstrous, that in five minutes, and at the expense of five shillings, we may make a contract for, and actually transfer such a ship as the Great Eastern, while the very shortest time in which a landed property of not nearly the same value can be transferred, is a twelvemonth, and the expense is beyond all conception. If we were to buy an estate, we should have to spend endless days sometimes years, in the investigation of title-deeds, in the preparation of abstracts, in the comparison of papers, in the search for encumbrances, in objecting to the title, in answering the objections, in disputes which arise upon these answers, and in the endeavour to cure all defects. After all this delay and expense, we desire to raise some money on the property by means of a mortgage, and the money-lender must go through the same process for himself, in order to make good his security. Here, again, the same delay and the same expense, for which we who borrow the money must pay. And yet again, if, notwithstanding all our pains, we find the necessity of parting with the property, the buyer must do the whole thing for himself, examine for himself, and spend at least a year in the examination. All this is a burden upon land, of the most ruinous kind—a cruel tax, which benefits nobody but the conveyancers. The relief from it is to be obtained by a machinery something like the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland, which time gradually developed into a Landed Estates Court. The establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland was a terrible necessity. Ireland had got into such a wretched condition that it became necessary to force the sale of estates, and the primary object of the court to which we allude, was for the purpose of sanctioning a compulsory sale of properties hopelessly burdened, and yet by the nature of their tenure inaccessible to the purchaser. But if these properties were to be sold per force, it was necessary to provide that buyers

should have a right to enjoy their purchases, that they might not one day be dispossessed of their lands, that, in a word, they should have a parliamentary title. The court therefore was to give this title as well as to force the sale of encumbered properties. It soon became evident, however, that matters could not rest here. Those properties which had acquired a parliamentary title by means of their encumbrances were placed in a better position than properties which had never been encumbered, or had been but slightly burdened. An indefeasible title is a thing of enormous value, and it was rather hard that mismanaged properties should obtain it, while those which had been well managed were shut out from the benefit of the Act. In order to obtain the benefits of the court it was only necessary to impose upon the estate fictitious encumbrances, and to force a fictitious sale. Logically, therefore, the legislature was compelled to go still further, and to provide a parliamentary title for all those who chose to demand it, and this they did by widening the sphere of the Encumbered Estates Court, and making it in more general terms a Landed Estates Court. The conveyances that have been executed in this court since it was first called into existence, are not less than 8500, and the amount of acreage that has passed through it is about 3,500,000, so that more than a seventh part of the entire area of Ireland has been involved in its transactions. The titles, too, which it has recognised, have gone through a sifting process which private conveyances have no means of instituting. When a solicitor examines into the title-deeds of an estate, he has no power to call parties to give evidence, and he issues no advertisement of sale. The court, however, has the power to call before it the parties and their agents, to give evidence on any points that require clearing up; it serves notices in every direction, and insists upon the utmost publicity. The consequence is, that not a real case is known, in which the decisions of the court have been called in question for a moment. The good which it has effected is immense, and the expediency of extending the benefits of the system to England is apparent. There are very few titles in this country which are not good, and the proposition is, that these good titles should be publicly recognised, so that land may not be clogged as heretofore with all kinds of unmeaning ceremonies which depreciate its value as an investment or as a security. The Solicitor-General has introduced a measure to this effect, which seems likely, as we have said, to obtain the consent of all parties. The process is a very simple one; the title is examined by a court established for the purpose, it is admitted, and it is registered. But as land is the most stable of all commodities, and is generally saddled with all sorts of conditions relating to life interests and allowances, and various eventualities, how are we to prevent the register from becoming,

in the course of years, inconveniently burdened with these conditions, requiring the most laborious investigations? The ownership of land is separated from the beneficial interest in land, and for the purposes of the register only the ownership is recognised. To John Smith belongs the property of Smithfield after he has paid out of it certain yearly moneys. John Smith is accordingly registered as the proprietor; to him alone belongs the right of sale, and a transfer duly executed by him will be recognised by the law. But then, for the benefit of those who have an interest in Smithfield, (the widow who gets her annuity out of it, and the money-lender to whom part of it is mortgaged) a *caveat* is lodged in court by each party interested, which, without of necessity making public the nature of the transaction on which the interest is founded, compels the court before sanctioning a transfer of the property from John Smith to any other man, to give the interested parties warning. It is in these *caveats* that the terminable and changeable interest in the land is expressed, while the permanent interest of possession is expressed in the register. Together they will make land as easily transferable as money in the funds, or a ship in dock; and the whole measure will prove incalculably advantageous, both to land and to commerce. Our territorial aristocracy have now a salve for the loss of protection, and fortunately the remedy they have discovered is one which the manufacturer and the merchant will not grudge to them.

Such, then, are the two principal measures of legal reform with which in the present Session of Parliament the ministry propose to bless the nation. The one is simply regulative; the other is more than regulative—is a direct gift to the land, a positive addition to the wealth of the country. We hail both as a considerable instalment of the good work in progress—but we shall never be fully satisfied until, with these departmental improvements, we see some progress made in the most necessary reform of all—the consolidation of the statute-book, and codification of English law.

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## X.

### CHURCH RATES.—THE GOVERNMENT PLAN.

WE are compelled to have this article in type before the measure which we have to criticise is actually in print; but, judging it, as we may fairly claim to do, from the elaborate speech in which it has been announced by Mr. Walpole, we can have no great hesitation in endorsing the disapproval which has already met it, apparently, from all quarters. It will not do.

Mr. Walpole proposes, not that the Church shall rely, but

that the Dissenters shall rely, upon the spontaneous benevolence of Church of England landlords to charge their own properties with the Church Rate, in exoneration of the soil of the parish generally, and in ease of those parishioners who do not directly benefit from the Church's ministrations. He proposes that the rate shall nowhere be abolished, until an amount which is at least equal to the average Church Rate of the last seven years (we suppose) has thus been secured in perpetuity, for the maintenance of the fabric and the incidentals of public worship. In the interim, however, tenants are to have the option of deducting the rate in their rents, and any person declaring that he has a conscientious objection to the rate is to be exempt from paying it—non-payment in each case being followed by a species of parochial disfranchisement in ecclesiastical matters, and, in the first, by the transfer of the tenant's vote to the landlord.

How this last proposal is to work practically we do not precisely see. A tenant will refuse to pay the rate, either to save his pocket, or from conscientious scruples. The former ground might justify his charging his rate to his landlord, but by such means he would certainly not succeed in his object. At present, we entirely hold that Church Rates have no effect (as a rule) on the amount of rent. They are of uncertain amount and are levied irregularly. But suppose Mr. Walpole's bill to become law, and the rates will become, henceforward a fixed annual charge. The landlord will know exactly what sum is payable; and the year after his tenant has deducted the amount from his rent will find it again charged upon him, as so much extra rent from that time forward. The only effect will be that the tenant will transfer his vote to his landlord, but will continue to pay his rate as heretofore. Now, if the tenant adopts the other plan proposed to be opened to him, of simply declaring to the collector that he has a conscientious objection to the rate, he frees himself from all liability, and destroys so much of the rate altogether. We believe that practically the tenant will not deduct his rate, but, if he does anything, will simply refuse to pay it.

But this point of conscientious objection, especially as stated by Mr. Walpole, opens a most serious question, and indeed affirms a doctrine to which we feel bound to declare that we can be no parties. Mr. Walpole is reported to say—we quote from the "Times"—

"These propositions would be incomplete if we did not meet the only practical grievance that exists, viz., the grievance felt by the conscientious Dissenter. (Hear, hear.) I am one of those who think that the claim of the Dissenter to be excepted from the payment of a charge resting upon his property, stands, strictly speaking, neither upon reason, nor upon law. (Hear, hear.) To admit that principle, would be to admit, that, in the general taxation of the

country, if any persons like the members of the Society of Friends, objected to the application of the public revenues to warlike purposes, they should be held to be entitled to exemption, upon conscientious grounds. (Hear, hear). If you once admit that principle, you could not deny to other persons, such as Protestants who have a charge upon their property in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, or Roman Catholics who have a charge upon their property in favour of the Protestant religion, the same benefit, which upon the plea of conscience you are now asked to confer upon the Dissenters in the matter of Church Rates. (Hear, hear.)"

In point of fact the argument, as stated by Mr. Walpole, and to which under the necessity of the case he represents himself as now yielding, comes to this—that any citizen, called upon to pay his quota to any tax whatever, to which he entertains, or believes that he entertains, objections, which he can bring himself to call conscientious, has a right to be exempted from the payment of such tax. This is what Mr. Walpole believes to be the view of the powerful Dissenting body, and to which he advises the Church to yield, "as a matter of favour"—*i. e.*, because it cannot help it. We say that this is not the pretension of the Dissenters; and that, if it were, it would be the duty and is within the power of every statesman in this country to resist it.

It is no part of our business to deny that among the various lights in which for the last ten or twenty years this question has been presented to Dissenting audiences, the "right-of-conscience" claim has been accorded a prominence which has not always been accompanied with a distinct explanation of its meaning, and that this may have led to misconception among the less-informed portion of these audiences. The question is, what are the doctrines insisted on by the leaders of Dissenting opinion? It is not without diffidence that we venture to summarise results, which we have often heard expressed in better language, in terms somewhat as follows. We acknowledge the conscience of the community as well as the conscience of the individual; and, as individuals, we yield our own unhesitatingly to that of the community, as expressed by means of the laws, through its legitimate organ, the government, in all that it appertains to the community to decide. But we, too, have a conscience as individuals; and we protest against the encroachment of the conscience of the community upon the domain which God and nature have consecrated to ourselves. We are responsible, beyond all question, for our religious faiths; but it is to God only that our responsibility exists. We cannot be made "miserable sinners" by Act of Parliament. We refuse to obey the laws requiring us to support a faith with which we disagree, not because we think that the decisions of the legislature which so command us are wrong, but because we think it

has no business to come to any decision at all upon the question. Let the government by all means charge itself with the protection of our religious rights, as entirely as of our rights to pursue any other innocent occupation: it shall do so if we can make it. If in the professed exercise of those rights we commit any crime against the public peace, let it punish us as it does any other criminal. Let it hang the Thug for murder, or transport the Mormonite for bigamy, just as if the supposed criminal were neither Thug nor Mormonite. We ask and we demand that there be *no distinctions on religious grounds*. That is all. The government is not a machine, and has no machinery, for the discovery of religious truth. It is therefore beyond its province to impose religious belief.

Now, as these pages will fall into the hands of those who differ from us, we beg our readers to observe that in the above few lines we have argued nothing. We have simply stated the results of argument current among our body, with the purpose of showing that our principles (right or wrong) do not involve Mr. Walpole's conclusions. Whether it be or be not the duty of the government to teach religious truth, Mr. Walpole will admit to be at least a question on which authorities differ. That it is the very purpose of a state to defend its members from aggression is admitted by all. If so, the *how* must be decided by the majority.

We believe that this principle of the supremacy of the state-conscience over that of the individual, in all matters which it is within the province of the state to determine, lies at the very root of government; and were there no other objection to Mr. Walpole's plan, the argument upon which he rests this particular concession to Dissenters, destructive as it is of this principle, damages the whole plan. It is the production of a government which will either do anything, or does not know what it does, to get out of a difficulty. Church-Rate abolition is a moderate measure compared to it.

There has always been a distinction drawn—not that we assent to it—between town and country parishes. In towns, it has been said, you can do without rates: in rural parishes you must have them, or you make the whole burden fall upon the landlords. That this has been up to this time the almost parrot-cry of the pro-rate party, we appeal to all who have watched the debates to corroborate us in affirming. Mr. Walpole's bill bears in precisely the opposite direction. If it has any effect at all, it will reimpose rates on the great towns, and fix them in perpetuity on the landlords in all the country parishes. A word or two upon both these points.

In answer to Mr. Mellor, Mr. Walpole stated that

"It was not the intention of the government to alter the law with regard to those places (towns in which for some time Church Rates had ceased to be levied). It would be wrong to deny to those places, which had hitherto disobeyed the law, the opportunity of obeying it; and no hardship could accrue to them by leaving the law as it was, because a majority could determine, as at present, to impose the rate, if voluntary contributions were not raised by the parishioners."

This looks pretty; but the whole meaning does not appear on the surface. The fact is that, until recent times, our great towns have consisted ecclesiastically of one great overgrown mother-parish, utterly beyond the power of any incumbent with any supposable staff of curates to cope with. The difficulty has been met in most instances by building churches and assigning districts to them under Peel's Acts. But as Christianity goes forth in quest of human nature (to use Mr. Walpole's quotation from Dr. Chalmers) far more easily without Acts of Parliament than with them, Dissent sprang up faster and built its chapels more thickly than the new churches could at all keep up with; and Church Rates have been for the last twenty years a simple impossibility. But by the operation of Lord Blandford's Act, to which the pro-rate party avow that they are looking, all these districts are now divided off from the mother-church, and have become distinct and independent parishes. The mass of Dissent, which has hitherto been found invincible in the whole, will now, it is anticipated, be cut up into so many fragments, be found relatively weak; and our great towns in the North and North-West, beginning with every letter of the alphabet, from Bradford and Birmingham to Warrington and Wigan, will all be brought again under the yoke, and have the good old Church Rate system saddled about their necks for the next generation.

With regard to the country, the avowed expectation is, that the landlords will consent to charge their properties with the amount of the parish Church Rate. We don't believe they will; for they have always voted against Sir J. Trelawny's Bill, on the ground that it would virtually do so. But there is no other available means opened of extinguishing the impost. The futility of transferring it (nominally) to the landlord we have already shown. The offer of declaring a conscientious objection in a country parish is about as valuable as the Marchioness used to find Miss Sally Brass's query, "Would she have any more?" Some of our readers will doubtless remember the lively sally of Alderman Harrison of Wakefield at the last triennial meeting of the Liberation Society, when he described the happy condition of a Dissenter in the East Riding during the year after

he had declared himself to be such under Sir George Grey's clauses. He might go to his chapel three times a-day, and the squire would only look upon him as a daft, harmless body; but let him once *say* that he was a Dissenter, and—the picture is too truly horrific to pursue further.

Independently of all these objections the bill works an injustice which is not short of iniquitous. It is required that the *whole* amount of the average Church Rate be secured before the rate itself is extinguished. Let us look at this a moment. The proper office of a Church Rate is to keep in repair the fabric which the law supposes the patron to have already erected, and to provide those things without which divine service cannot be carried on,—nothing more: to build, beautify, or enlarge a church, or to provide what may fairly be called the luxuries of public penitence, are no part of the legal duty of the parishioners. Well, the average rate being 250,000*l.*, what is the expenditure? Building, beautifying, and improvement costs 229,000*l.*, public worship 164,000*l.*, repairs 76,000*l.*, and other purposes 89,000*l.* The whole amount is 560,000*l.*, the balance being met by endowments and voluntary subscriptions. Now, literally, the whole of the above sums which is at this moment legally binding upon the parishioners, is the 76,000*l.* for repairs, and such proportion of the 164,000*l.* put down to public worship as suffices for washing the incumbent's surplice, finding bread and wine for the sacrament, and ringing one bell to church and at funerals. Mr. Hatfield's estimate of 150,000*l.* is unquestionably in excess; so that for this inestimable boon, of having all our great towns saddled once more with Church Rates, and having all our little villages indebted to the contemptuous caprice of the country squire for a possible exoneration which we have learnt to win in spite of him, we are to be charged with an additional 100,000*l.* a-year, which is at this moment a shameless imposition.

In these remarks we have nothing personal in our minds against Mr. Walpole, whose name we have so often been obliged to use. To us he is merely the organ of a government which in this matter is not reputed to be unanimous. How far he is one of those who have held back, or of those who are pulled back, we have not the means of accurately judging. We would rather cordially thank him for an honest attempt to do the best of which his position admitted, and for the Christian charity which informed every sentence of a speech by no means destitute of other qualities to please.

But, we repeat it, this will never do. If there is to be an alternative to the bill of Sir John Trelawny, it will be an alternative in advance not in retreat. Mr. Duncombe's notice, though at present out of public observation, is constantly talked

of in private, and promises to receive a support (if the Abolition Bill is again rejected by the Lords) quite equal to that which was contemplated when the notice was given. Abstractedly considered, each plan has its advantage; but Sir John's carries off the superiority in its long acceptance by the public mind. But we hold ourselves prepared for either termination of this contest. Let Church Rates be abolished, not refusing to the Church such facilities as may reasonably be accorded to a tenant for enabling him to keep in repair the building of which he is allowed the use; or let Church Rates be preserved, according to every religious denomination in the country the right to use the buildings which all alike are bound to maintain.

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## Brief Notices.

“WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?” By Pistratus Caxton. In 4 vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

THOSE who read “The Caxtons” and “My Novel” would see with deep interest the announcement of a new tale by the same graceful and distinguished writer; and remembering the unbounded learning, and the almost endless variety of character and scene already depicted, could not fail to wonder *What will he do with it?* After reading the detailed answer to this somewhat incoherent question, we can say little of its merits beyond what the world has already said of the two previous works. Fame has issued her patent of distinction, and we need hardly do more than acknowledge her justice. In most of Sir E. L. Bulwer’s writings we find a maturity of intellect that can mould the unforgotten learning of youth into new truth and beauty, and a subtle grace of expression that can trace and reveal the finest filaments of thought; but in *What will he do with it?* we also find the morality intensified, and the dry abstruse philosophy brightened into almost Christianity; and this light borrowed from heaven, like Promethean fire, gives a finishing glow to the noble creations

of genius. In these days, when novelists think it necessary to select those exceptions of cant—insincerity and vice—which unfortunately may be found among professors of religion, and to exhibit them as the rule, it is cheering to find one—the most highly gifted of all—whose religious characters are the respectable ones; who never sympathizes with vice, or makes goodness so unpleasant that we are compelled to feel with Milton’s sable hero—“How *awful* goodness is!” We have no space for the outline of the story; and, indeed, the plot is very simple, and depends for its interest chiefly on the nice delineation of the characters that appear in it. Sophy is the Helen of “My Novel” reproduced—and so sweet a picture cannot be repeated too often—like the fair face of Titian’s wife, her features would adorn either virgin or child. The villain of the tale, Jasper Losely, is drawn with a masterly hand. We admire the animal—“the beautiful brute”—but hate the man; and his one half virtue—his gleam of tenderness for his father—seems by linking him to humanity, only to make us detest him the more. The father—the pure-minded, sweet-tempered old man—wandering about, a life-long outcast from society, for the guilt of

his son, is a beautiful creation, and the meeting between the two is touching beyond expression. While we acknowledge that few have ever written so well, we do not hesitate to say that in many respects the author of *What will he do with it?* has written better. The narrative is somewhat tediously lengthy, and the conclusion disproportionately concise. After reading through nearly four volumes with unabated interest, and following the fortunes of friend and foe through so many troubles, it is rather provoking to hear so little of the happiness that ought to follow; and, instead of a comfortable conclusion, to have presented to us a hazy and somewhat Arcadian tableau, which leaves us in doubt whether our hopes for their future are ever to be fulfilled or not.

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**ADAM BEDE.** By George Eliot. Edinburgh & London. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

THIS novel marks a new and welcome advance in the aim and morale of fiction. It is not one of the innumerable brood of novels spawned in the world every season, and whose unfeatured volumes show the intolerable sameness of a shoal of codfish or a flock of waddling ducks. This novel bears the impress of a true originality, and its features show a purer, nobler type of character than any of its predecessors in this country that may rank with it in power and fascinating interest. George Eliot is a *new master* in the realm of fiction; and with the witchery of a genius which may compare with the highest of his compeers, he has a nobler, because a more Christian, spirit than they, and possesses a deeper insight into the mysteries of human life from the very sympathy which his religious faith imparts. While George Eliot is a *master*, and asserts his claim without presumption as a native right, he has been a scholar in the many schools of his art; and some can discern throughout his pages the chiselling of form and the tinting of colour which he faithfully studied

then. Yet in his work there is the soul of a new life. It is distinct and alone, ay, and shines upon us with a healthier, grander expression than any of the multitude of classic works among which we view it. It were absurd to say that this novel comprises the various excellences for which the great novelists have been respectively famed. There is no proof in it of the marvellous range of vision—both far and near—both in the buried past and the thronging present—with which Walter Scott saw both these and Nature, or of the photographic clearness with which he mirrored them. There is none of the magic dexterity by which Bulwer Lytton weaves the subtle net of his plot, and throws out on its surface with such vivid colouring the vast array and unconfounded multitude of this world's stage. There are not the piercing electric touches, or the rolling phosphoric waves of eloquence, that glitter along the pages of Thackeray. In this work George Eliot has centered all his powers on a narrow field of life. It lies enclosed in a small village named Hayslope in Loamshire, which cannot be far from Leicestershire. The elements which he has introduced to compose his tale are few; but these few he controls with the felicity of a perfect control; and he has so handled them as to produce the most tragic and truthful effects. Adam Bede, whose name gives the title to the work, is a carpenter in that village, of robust, athletic shape, with a firm, broad, granite-built head fixed on his shoulders—a type of man one sometimes sees in our artizan population, where enterprise and resolution are reined in by a vigorous common sense. We do not sketch his life. It needs George Eliot to do that. But we say, whoever reads it will carry Adam Bede as a memory and power for good in his soul till his dying hour. Dinah Morris is the heroine of this tale; and all honour to the brave, manly soul that has conceived and imaged for the world's homage that fair, saintly, gentle, yet heroic woman. Here at last in the realm of fiction

we see what Christianity has made woman. We would add how grateful we are to George Eliot that he has so sympathetically and nobly delineated for us the early growth of Methodism and Churchman, though he only has shown the *heavenly* influence of that religious revival in such a character as Dinah Morris. The other persons who live in this tale—for so natural, so true is their history that it seems as if we *saw* their life and did not *read* it—show the versatility, the fulness of George Eliot's sympathy. His range in this novel has been confined, but the limitation does not arise from poverty of invention, but from artistic purpose.

“ ‘Tis the supreme of power,  
When might half slumbers on its own  
right arm.”

A word may reveal latent power; and how many of these words are scattered throughout these pages! The artistic law which Mr. Eliot obeys is just. Interest must be concentrated. The sunlight must be gathered into a focus ere it burn. The electricity must be gathered into a jar ere it flash into fire.

Much more we might say, but must not. There is humour in the book—pungent, racy, and original. It makes you laugh when alone; and, by the way, how rare and strange is that sound—a solitary laugh! We weep alone, we laugh in company. The one is a social, the other a solitary, affection. We confess to have laughed, often pealed again and again, to our own amazement and the amazement of all within earshot. Let the readers of this book inform their friends to take no unnecessary alarm ere they begin. Freely they may indulge their quieter sensibilities; and certes, if they cachinnate with mirth, they will shed unwilling tears. There is pathos as well as humour—the dewy melancholy night, as well as the bright morning light, in this book; and if there be a fountain anywhere bedded in the deep rock, this pathos will steal over it

like the magician's wand, and bring its waters trickling down the flinty face.

But it is the high Christian morality of the work which most emphatically recommends and exalts it in our estimation. There is in it the geniality, the glowing love of nature, the fine thrill of humanity, which give the charm to Kingsley's tales. But he has a loftier spiritual conception of man than Kingsley has yet attained. Kingsley loves too much the “*bellus homo*,” and healthy animalism infects with its brute vigour all his idealisations of noble manhood. While we sympathise most profoundly with this feeling of Kingsley's, we are conscious in ourselves, and we see it in Kingsley, how it tends to degrade our conceptions of human nature. The glory of the flesh may veil “the glory that excelleth” of the spirit. It is not the giant Thor of the North or the splendid Apollos of the South, but a Paul—whose bodily presence was weak—that commands the admiration of a soul touched with Christian sympathies. These sympathies pervade this book of George Eliot as its life. He may err in occasional judgment, for who is perfect? and he himself has taught us to judge as we would be judged.

George Eliot has yet to learn the cunning secrets of style, which only continuous and aspiring study can teach. He is far beneath our great novelists in majesty and grace of expression. But this gift always comes last to the artist. The surface bloom comes only in the autumn months to the apple and the peach. The pure lights and shadows which play on Raffaelle's pictures are not found in his younger works. Neither Thackeray nor Bulwer achieved at once that finished elegance, that strong simplicity, that easy eloquence, which we admire in their later novels. There is a fulness, a rhythmic sweetness, a gleaming edge, a diapason force in our English tongue, which George Eliot we trust will live and work to possess.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Author of "Astraea," and other Poems. London : Hamilton & Co.

AMONG the "most celebrated men of the day" in America, Mr. Holmes holds a distinguished place as a poet and a wit. He is also known in Boston as a delightful social companion and a physician of skill. As an author, a citizen, and a doctor he is praised in the cities of the States. In the introduction to an English edition of his poems we find the following, from the "North American Review." "His wit is all his own, sly and tingling, but without a drop of ill-nature in it, and never leaving a sting behind. His humour is so grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck, and deep pathos mingles with it so naturally, that when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter." Tears somehow are always standing in transatlantic eyes. The late Miss Mitford wrote of him to the following effect. "For him we can find no living prototype : to track his footsteps we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden ; and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and clear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of 'Absalom and Ahithophel,' or of the 'Moral Epistles.' A "mutual friend" of the authoress of "Our Village" favours us with the following "interesting personal notices." "He is a small, compact man, the delight and ornament of every society that he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming-bird, exceedingly difficult to catch unless he be really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him." The English reader, with the praises of Miss Mitford and the "North American Review" ringing in his ears, is somewhat astonished when he encounters the poems of the amiable doctor. His

eyes are guiltless of those extraordinary tears of doubtful "source." He finds no suggestion of "some pungent page" of Dryden and Pope. A poet Dr. Holmes cannot be said to be at all ; as a wit he is inferior to Hood or Jerrold ; "Punch" writes funnier verses than Holmes, and writes them every week too. From "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," we extract a specimen of his ambitious manner.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,  
Reflect the light our common nature gave ;  
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne  
Wears on our hearts, some colouring of our  
own.

Chilled in the slave, and burning in the  
free ;

*Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea ;*  
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen sod,  
Or shedding radiance, like the smile of God ;  
Pure, pale in virtue, as the star above,  
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of love ;  
Glaring like noon tide where it glows upon  
Ambition's sands—the desert in the sun ;  
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene,  
Life's common colouring, intellectual green.

His funny style is better than this. Take the following lines from "Evenings by a Tailor."

Day hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about  
me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon  
a goose.

I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young am-  
bition.

My father was a tailor ; and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were  
tailors.

They had an ancient goose ; it was an heir-  
loom

From some remoter tailor of our race.  
It happened I did see it on a time  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me—oh most fearfully !

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was originally published in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," and attracted considerable attention

in England and America. In these pages the Doctor appears to greater advantage than in his poems. The Autocrat is a person of vivacity, spirit, and keenness of observation. He is intensely smart and American. He dwells in a boarding house, and dominates over his fellow-lodgers. Seated there, he delivers himself of various opinions, is nothing loth to inform his hearers of his personal history, and glances in his smart slangy way at men and women, books and governments. The Autocrat reminds one somewhat of Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council." The ease and variety of conversation are taken advantage of by both writers to flash light on whatever subject may be under discussion from different points. Both are good books; but one is English and the other American. Mr. Helps takes his character out to the English weather; dogs are always with them, Lucy sometimes. Milverton gives his readings in the open air, sometimes on the site of a Roman camp, sometimes in the lane in front of his house. The blue of the sea is visible, the wind blows about them, the lark sings over their heads. The speakers are men of mark and social position. Demsford the clergyman, Elesmere the sarcastic lawyer, Milverton the man of fortune, who gives his days and nights to consideration of difficult social problems. In all, years have checked the forwardness and enthusiasm of youth; they are highly cultivated, reticent; and on no occasion do they fail to think and express themselves like English gentlemen. On no occasion do they talk slang. Their utterances can never be mistaken for extracts from Mr. Dickens's funny passages. The Autocrat sits at the breakfast table of an American boarding-house, and he addresses the motley and floating population native to such a locality. He thinks as his hearers think, he speaks as they speak. There is an underbred flippancy and loudness of tone about him; a smart vulgarity, redolent of the *gent*. You would not be surprised if he sat in a rocking chair with his heels aloft and expectorating between sentences. He

knows that he can astonish his audience, and he indulges in that luxury. He knows he is a very clever fellow, and does not scruple to say so. Listen to the Autocrat on men of genius.

"The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell, and his face flush, and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organisation. The bulbous-headed fellows, that *steam well* when they are at work, are the men that draw big audiences and give us *marrowy* books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer."

The Autocrat informs his fellow-boarders how a friend of his writes his poems—a desperate life he must have of it.

"A Lyric conception—my friend, the poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written.

"It is enough to stun and scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and ploughing up those parallel ruts where the waggon-trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequences of association."

Dr. Holmes's humour being considered, by the principal literary authority of the State, so "grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck," we are tempted to

extract a specimen from the book before us. Listen to the Autocrat on puns.

“—Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide*—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its *legitimate* meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

“A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such a cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking when charity was like a top. It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, ‘When it begins to hum.’ Doe then—and not till then—struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the *Monthly Ragbag and Stolen Miscellany*, intense mortification ensued with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, ‘Jest so.’ The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was ac-

quitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff.”

THE TWO LIGHTS; or, Reason and Revelation. A Narrative. By the Rev. W. Leask, D.D. Second Edition, Revised. London: The Book Society.

REGARDED as a work of art, this book is very defective. The hero is too good to be life-like, the conversations are too clever for the circumstances imagined, and the views of the writer are strangely expressed, while those on the side of scepticism are very feebly stated. The reader also finds that he is carried from one stage to another, not by the exigencies of the narrative, but so as to allow of the treasured passages in the author's folio being used, and that he might travel on to any extent in this fashion, if the writer had only materials at hand which he might wish to introduce.

But the work has higher claims than belong to works of fiction. It is a noble vindication of the prerogative of the light of revelation to lead to holiness, usefulness, and happiness, and an earnest protest, not against the use, but against the abuse of the light of reason, when it leaves its legitimate province, and invades, and by so doing destroys, the province of revelation altogether. The work contains much solid thought, many passages of poetic beauty, and many which rise into strains of impassioned eloquence.

Dr. Leask has done good service to the cause of truth, in making this addition to his former works. A large class of young men will be benefited by it, who might be unable to appreciate such a book as the “Eclipse of Faith.” We rejoice that the present work has reached a second edition; and would earnestly recommend all Christian gentlemen, who may have clerks or intelligent young men in their employment, to place it in their hands, as conveniently fitted, by the blessing of God, to save them from the meshes and consequences of infidelity, and thus enable it to realize the wishes of its excellent author.

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To MR. KEATING.

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Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

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